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The Green-Room

(*Continued from page* II)

"Breaking the Solid South" is acknowledged by its author to suggest the legend of foolhardiness. It is an attempt to make a survey of the presidential campaign in the Southern states, immediately after the voting, in a judicial and dispassionate spirit. The article was accepted by three of the staff of the Quarterly when it was submitted anonymously. It represents solely the ideas and opinions of the writer who signs it. It is not an editorial nor are the other editors of The Virginia Quarterly, either those who have read it or those who have not, responsible for the views expressed.

André Maurois has called Julien Green "the best of his generation." His two novels, "Mont-Cinére" and "Adrienne Mesurat," published in America under the titles "Avarice House" and "The Closed Garden," produced a sensation in France and have been considered in English translations novels of stark realistic power. Mr. Green is a French-born son of American parents. Still a very young man, he was a recent student at the University of Virginia. His paper on the Brontés, with slight omissions from the original French form in which Mr. Green wrote it, has especial interest because his own work has been so often likened to that of Emily Bronté.

"Elephants Through the Country" is a story that will reveal the distinguished American novelist, Mary Johnston, in a new light to those who know her work only through her earlier romantic novels, "Prisoners of Hope" and "To Have and to Hold." Miss Johnston lives at her country home, Three Hills, near Warm Springs, Virginia.

Two of the poets of this issue are Southern born. Francis Claiborne Mason, a graduate of the University of Virginia and formerly of Norfolk, is a member of the English faculty of Gettysburg College. His first volume, "This Unchanging Mask," has just been published by the Yale

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THE GREEN-ROOM

(*Continued from page* IV)

Press in the Younger Poets series. He has also a review in this number. JOHN GOULD FLETCHER, whose "Black Rock and Other Poems," on the fall list, adds another to his notable volumes, has long made his home in London. He is a native of Arkansas. BABETTE DEUTSCH has contributed poetry frequently to this Review. Her home is in New York. WITTER BYNNER has also appeared in the Virginia Quarterly before. A native of New York, he now lives in New Mexico. A long list of publications has made his name familiar to most readers of poetry and drama. "Caravan," poems, and "Cake," a play, are among his recent books.

EVA PHILLIPS BOYD (Mrs. Herbert D. Boyd) is the wife of a Boston physician. She has studied at Boston University and at Wellesley, where she received her Master of Arts degree. Residence at Oxford led to the writing of "Oxford to Wantage."

Modern of moderns, D. H. LAWRENCE, of England and everywhere, has published novels, poetry, essays, and criticism in virile succession. "Sons and Lovers," "Women in Love," and "The Plumed Serpent" are familiar titles in America. "The Bogey Between the Generations" is interesting as a plea for greater frankness by one of the most daring writers of what, to old-fashioned people, must seem the frankest generation in English literary history.

In April, 1927, BROADUS MITCHELL's "Fleshpots in the South," in The Virginia Quarterly, stirred up a discussion, echoes of which still rumble. "Some Southern Industrialists" gives the historical background of the industrialized South which was portrayed in the first paper. MR. MITCHELL, professor in political economy at The Johns Hopkins University, is a Virginian. His "William Gregg: Factory Master of the Old South" is on the autumn list of the University of North Carolina Press.

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The Green-Room

(*Continued from page* vi)

The reviewers of this number have all written before for The Virginia Quarterly. Edward Wagenknecht is of the department of English, University of Washington, Seattle. After his pursuit of Dickens through the libraries of the East this summer, he was knocked down by an automobile in Chicago. Since then he has completed a book on Charles Dickens, which is ready for publication. Archibald Henderson, of Chapel Hill, North Carolina, biographer of "G. B. S." and critic of modern drama, is completing two new books, one of which is the story of the pioneers who explored the West. Dumas Malone, professor of history in the University of Virginia and biographer of Thomas Cooper, is author of the article "A Challenge to Patriots," in the October number. It attracted wide attention and took its place among the long list of articles which have been selected from The Virginia Quarterly by a council of librarians as among the "ten outstanding magazine articles of the month." Gerald W. Johnson is editorial writer for the Baltimore Evening Sun and author of several books, including a life of Andrew Jackson. He is a native of North Carolina where formerly he was a member of the faculty of the University of North Carolina, after leaving the staff of the Greensboro News. Dr. Philip Alexander Bruce, author of many of the standard first-hand studies in American history, including "Economic History of Virginia in the 17th Century," "Rise of the New South," "Institutional History of Virginia in the 17th Century," and a life of General Lee, has recently completed a new book to be called "The Virginia Plutarch." "Stuffed Peacocks" is the book which last season made the name of Emily Clark (Mrs. Balch of Philadelphia and New York) familiar to fiction readers. As Miss Emily Clark of Richmond, Virginia, she was one of the editors, while it flourished, of "The Reviewer." Raymond Turner re-

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THE GREEN-ROOM

(*Continued from page* VIII)

viewed for the Virginia Quarterly in July, 1926, the first two volumes of Professor Seymour's narrative, "The Intimate Papers of Colonel House." In this number he discusses the third and fourth volumes, which have just been published. In the October, 1926, number, his paper, "Locarno," was printed, and in July, 1927, his "The New British Empire." He is the author of "Ireland and England." MR. TURNER was formerly professor of European history at the University of Michigan and is now professor in The Johns Hopkins University.

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THE VIRGINIA QUARTERLY REVIEW

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AMERICA AND BUSINESS

BY MICHAEL FRAENKEL

"IN AMERICA," says Lucien Romier in his recently published study on the United States, "economic forces are supreme. They take the place of politics, determine morals, create the collective ideal, even fashion a certain type of beauty. They, and they alone, make possible that effective welding of this vast mass of individuals and families so extraordinarily diverse in origin." (*"Qui Sera le Maître—Europe ou Amérique?"*) In these words of one of the foremost social philosophers and economists in France today, we have, I believe, as clear and simple a statement of the American scene as can be found anywhere.

I

It would be difficult to identify America with the creative arts. The truth is that nowhere else in the Western World to-day has the creative artist less real standing in the community, or is regarded with such lukewarmness, if not utter indifference. Visionary, high-brow, "cracked"—these,

in mounting scorn, are often the reactions of the man in the street. The reason is not far to seek. The average man is preoccupied with one form or another of industrial activity or trade, and what leisure he has he spends on the movies, radio or automobile—his daily sheet not excepted. In such an industrial environment art seems quite a useless thing to him; he cannot bring it into sympathetic relation with anything real or vital in his own life.

It has almost become a habit with a certain school of thought to maintain that the average man in any age is not interested in art. I think it is quite the other way round. Not every age is interested in art. If the Roman preferred his circus and gladiatorial show, there is no doubt that a presentation of Sophocles, for instance, in Athens, was a national event, comparable, in the popular interest and enthusiasm it aroused, only to our own World Series. Nor have we any reason to believe that the plain man of medieval times failed to respond to the spiritual beauty of the Gothic cathedral or to the songs of the troubadours. Poetry leaves our average citizen cold, because evidently this is no time for poetry.

Nor do the arts and letters by their virile, independent attitude, initiative spirit, or high moral tone command a more earnest audience. Plainly, they are not equal to the task of leadership. Take the case of literature, for example.

By and large, contemporary writing is either the kind of photography and reporting such as our Main Street sagas, or the esoteric flights of our "escape" literature. I am well aware of the safe middle-ground where some of our best and most secure work has been done. But this work, as is well known, is characterized by a detachment from, rather than a participation in the contemporary scene or the forces of contemporary life which give American civilization its peculiar complexion and character. Thus it is precluded at once from exercising the sort of concrete moral influence which commands leadership. We remain,

then, on the one hand, with the so-called realist who is all reporting, and on the other, with the literary insurgent who, more often than not, simply loses himself in an emotional morass.

The purpose of the former is quite clear. He is plainly out for as close a transcript of average life and the average citizen as possible. He makes no effort to rise above the point of view implicit in the scene itself. Throughout his work you will not find a single constructive criticism, or the suggestion of any kind of idealism lifting it above the drab reality which he has pledged himself to transcribe so faithfully. Those who chuckle over the resulting photography with such evident satisfaction often stand in the most uncomfortable relation to it. They know on whose toe the shoe is, and would divert suspicion. Indeed, the two men who have thrown up so much dust in recent years, one in the critical, the other in the creative field, are as near much-abused, sorely-tried Babbitt as any two men in the writing guild. Contemporary realistic letters simply marks time with an industrial milieu. It has nothing to offer of its own.

But how far literature is withdrawn from active life may be seen from the revolt of the younger school against the older traditions. Let's have done with this reporting! Enough of the humdrum and drabness of the contemporary scene! Turn inward—to the reality within! But alas! the result. Our "stream of consciousness" novels and "escape" literature degenerate into nothing more than auto-eroticism or obscurantism. For a literature to be real and authentic must have its roots deep in life. Having set aside the painful reality, our literary insurgents have nothing to put in its place. The depth and originality attributed to them in certain quarters have, in most cases, no more basis in fact than a certain knowledge of human nature possessed by Quintilian's teacher of rhetoric, whose constant admonition to his pupils was "Darken, darken!" as the readiest mode of gaining admiration.

In each case, however, the lack of authority and leadership springs from the fact that the artist or intellectual no longer stands in an important and vital relation to the really significant problems of our day. What contact has he with the important men in the important walks of life? What part does he play in any large undertaking himself? The realist immured in his study reports what he has seen with varying degrees of ability, acumen, and understanding; but beget or create, in the deeper sense of these words, he cannot, because he has not partaken of the inspiration at the source. And the literary "Left," having made an ingenious retreat, has withdrawn into a smug self-sufficiency, "in a fine frenzy rolling." Place by their side the men of another time, and what a contrast! Dante was a soldier, having fought in the battle of Campaldino in 1289, an ambassador and chief magistrate of Florence. Bacon was respectively parliamentarian, solicitor-general and Lord High Chancellor. Grotius was advocate-general of Holland and Zealand, a member of the States General and envoy to England. Goethe was a privy councillor. These men had their roots deep in the life of their time and played an important rôle in shaping it. But our intellectuals have, for the most part, no larger contact with the world of men and affairs than the chic garden-lobby of the mid-town publisher, New York, or the café du Dôme, Montparnasse.

In the final analysis, literature, consciously or unconsciously, is gravitating toward business. It is gradually acquiring its aim, technique, and standards. Mass production was never so high—the 1927 market fairly groaned under the load. The average fellow goes in for writing as for any one of a hundred other specialties. Literature is another specialty, then, and the literary man a specialist. The notion of personal development, of letters not so much as a means of success but as a way of life, which was so characteristic of men like Goethe, is rapidly disappearing. In that characteristic story of his, "Prince Roman," Con-

rad, speaking about the old Polish aristocracy, says that it was one of those distinctive classes "for which even ambition itself does not exist among the usual incentives to activity." There was a time when an author was able to say that about his art. To most authors today such an attitude, however, would appear as altogether adolescent and puerile. Mass appeal, mass production, popular success—the newer ideals are emerging clearly enough. The typewriter and "copy" have supplanted the quill and manuscript.

II

Nor does the pure scientist exercise a larger or more vital influence. In an age when practical application dominates everywhere, he finds himself in the position of a recluse, often thousands of miles from the scene of actual fighting. Only his more practical brother, the inventor, the "worker" in science, has a place in modern enterprise. But it is at best a humble place—that of means to end. The initiative and direction come from the men at the top, the promoter and business executive. The practical scientist to all intents and purposes is another cog in a gigantic industrial machine.

Our educators and schoolmen fare no better. Let us be quite frank. Whether they will or no, they are swept on by the mighty current, and all their innovations and newfangled programs are inspired purely by industrial needs. The specialization and piece work system obtaining on the outside have been brought over bodily into the schoolroom. All such notions as the mentally-minded or manually-minded student, sense training, and sense specialization, efficiency tests, and so on, have their counterpart in a vast economic structure where constant division and sub-division of labor demands specialized ability and competence. The individual no longer functions as a whole, but as a part of a vast social unit. The whole trend of modern education is thoroughly utilitarian—away from the humani-

ties, and more and more toward "preparation for life." And by "preparation for life" is meant preparation for office and office routine, factory and factory management —that whole intricate network of production and consumption.

III

Nor is the American scene characterized by any deep religious consciousness. The constant division which is taking place even among members of the same communion—the differences between the Anglo-Catholic and the evangelical in the Episcopal Church and between the fundamentalist and modernist in the non-liturgical churches—is a sad reminder that inward certainty is yielding to outward form. Religion for most people has ceased to exercise authority as individual experience. "To be religious," as one churchman has put it recently, "has come to mean . . . going to church or being active in some form of social service, or sometimes simply being a decent citizen who does not depart too widely from accepted standards and does nothing to offend the sensibility of his neighbors. Not often does it mean having the kind of God-consciousness that characterized St. Augustine or George Fox." Contemporary religion has degenerated into formula and dogma, with no higher purpose at best than social service and reform. One of our university presidents in a recent article even goes as far as seeking to prove that religion is still an active, vital force, because it is attacking, somewhat belatedly, he admits, problems of social justice, child labor and alcoholism. As if religion began and ended there! But in this, significantly enough, we are only responding to the demands of a time whose motive force lies elsewhere.

To attribute this change in man's faith to the failure of the church to translate religion into modern terms, to give the essence of religion—the crustacean, as Fosdick calls it —a new shell, is to lose sight of the natural regenerative powers of religion. Religion like any other organic proc-

ess renews itself spontaneously, throwing off old tissue and grafting on new by an inner law of its own. If the source and root of spiritual consciousness are there, it will soon enough mold the outer life in its own image, translate it into its own symbols. In the medieval age, when religion was a living force, all of men's activities were impressed into an organic spiritual unity. Dante's Inferno and the paintings of the great masters, the astronomy, physics, law of the day, the medieval peasant in his devotions, all stood in the same vital relation to the same center of spiritual consciousness. The reason why it is growing increasingly difficult to shape our lives after the abiding convictions and experiences of religion is because the spirit is quite lacking—the shell is well-nigh empty. Somehow, I cannot help but feel that every effort to "modernize" religion, and bring it on more intimate terms with our industrial environment, results in nothing more than confusion. "If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels," said Paul, "but have not love, I am become sounding brass or a clanging cymbal."

Churchmen may contend, then, that all that is necessary for a renaissance of religion is for the church to throw off its medieval outlook, but the fact remains that life in America is inimical to faith. For the ideal is no longer inner development, but outward attainment; no longer spiritual strength, but material security. In a machine world, it is not the heart that answers the eternal questions, but the mind. The blinding pace, deafening tempo, and intensely practical and material mood of American life is opposed to religious inwardness.

Every effort to bring religion up-to-date and make of it a "going concern" can only serve as fresh evidence of the powerful hold business has gained over all our thinking. Revive religion, however, it distinctly cannot, for the very means it would employ for the purpose are prejudicial to its very existence. Advertising, gross popular appeal,

high-pressure sales methods only amuse the populace, and revolt men of sensibilities and inherent refinement. It is a far cry, indeed, from the profound simplicity of the Sermon on the Mount to making of the parables "the greatest advertisements of all time," and of the humble Man of Nazareth "a born executive," "the founder of modern business." We hear the click of ticker, typewriter, and adding machine. We are far from the quiet peasant landscape of Galilee.

IV

We should deceive ourselves gravely if we still attribute an active, aggressive leadership in America to politics and government. The age of politics is past, we are told on good authority, and "big business" rules. The statesman in top hat and frock coat, with flowing speech, has given way to the business executive in sack suit, with facts and figures. The whole spirit and technique of business has thoroughly infiltrated every department of state. Characteristically, the average citizen does not trouble his head about the government—he minds his own business. He is sure it can manage without him.

But to the extent that the majority identifies itself with those interests having the largest claim upon the government, government and national will are one. I do not believe you can frighten the average American by telling him that "big business" rules. Quite the contrary: he takes it as a matter of course. Isn't it something he is reaching out to himself? "Let the big fellows make their millions, if we are free to make our thousands and perhaps to become big fellows ourselves in the end"—the psychology is unmistakable. Far from disapproval or contempt, such figures in the American pantheon as Henry Clay Frick, Carnegie and Morgan arouse respect and admiration. They symbolize for the rank and file the kind of practical genius and achievement distinctly in the American grain. We see here that real and deep-rooted identification of the average

man with the dominating interests and personalities of the time which is so significant of American civilization.

To the extent also that politics falls more and more under the influence of business, as business continues to gain in prestige, the incentive to strong men in political life grows less. The important men turn more and more to industrial enterprise; they cannot be bothered with public office. Nor is there very much need of them there. The capable, alert executive, who is both sensitive and responsive to the national will, is quite sufficient.

The change that has taken place even within the last decade is extraordinary. One need only place the present administration by the side of Roosevelt's or Wilson's to see what is happening. Coolidge's policy has been from the very start clearly one of *laissez faire*—don't interfere with business, and expect no changes whatsoever from the government. What a contrast, this "silent" man of state, to his Democratic predecessor who still talked about "special interests," or to Roosevelt with his "big stick" and perpetual "trust-busting"! But maybe in this the former is unconsciously motivated by a deep wisdom which realizes that not only is it altogether beyond the power of any individual in office to move back the hands of the clock, but unwise to do so, even were it possible. What is required, then, is skill in running the machinery of government, and this can come with training and experience of quite an elementary order. The man in public life need not have large social vision, or initiative, or large personal gifts.

Even the famous Volstead Law, which appears to many as an undue exercise of governmental authority, is no exception to a defunct political leadership. To regard it as a high-handed piece of legislation put over an unprepared public is to fail to understand American psychology at the source. Prohibition was one of those compulsive acts whose roots lie deep in the tradition and mind of the American people. In those critical days of 1917, economic necessity

and psychological determinism met. The whole economic and social structure had to be swung toward the one objective—allied success. Efficiency became a civic virtue. Prohibition meant tackling the day's job with will and nerve of steel, taut, on edge—sobriety with a fine edge. It meant more production—larger output. Spirituous drinks have long been known to make man more critical of the immediate and transitory. Under the aspect of eternity, punching holes in leather eight hours per day, or feeding a turning lathe, is pretty drab business—and fraught with danger to the employee. Add to this the fact that in the American mind efficiency is most generally associated with abstinence and a sort of hard, thoroughly sterilized sense of fitness and well-being, and the picture is quite complete. Prohibition was implicit in the American psychology. It simply needed some such strong stimulus as the War to bring it to the surface.

V

If we were to weld, say, the one hundred outstanding figures in our national life, regardless of profession or business, according to importance and rank only, the composite person would represent our national type. In such an individual what interests would dominate, those of the artist or the intellectual, of the man in science, or art, or those of the man in finance and industry? I believe there can be only one answer to this question. Clearly, those of the practical man, the business man. In other words, we should have no difficulty in recognizing in this composite person the industrialist, financier, or business executive.

Here, then, is the man who, standing, as he does, at the very head of American enterprise, represents American leadership.

Regard him well. There is no doubt he is of the time. There is a certain strength, poise and self-confidence he radiates that leaves no doubt the man is at home with all

the large and momentous issues of the day. There is that clarity and precision, that *netteté,* as the French would say, about his very physical person that stamps him as having "arrived"—in no personal sense merely, but in the deepest sense of his age. The man is evidently in his own element: he is at one with his environment.

Our average citizen identifies himself with him because he spells success. And success does not mean attaining to inner wisdom, or even happiness. It means wealth, and the power that goes with it. The clerk covets the place of the department head; the department head has the same vigilant eye on the second vice-president; and so up the line. The ambition that inspires them all is the same. Here, then, is the common bond that, whatever the otherwise conflicting interests, or differences, welds our vast population into the characteristic entity known as America.

There is a most illuminating social phenomenon occurring in the United States to-day which should leave no doubt as to how the wind is blowing. I am referring to the business aristocracy that is in the process of forming, if indeed it has not already done so. I do not have to go into the matter at length: the salient features are sufficient to enable us to recognize the phenomenon. Nowhere in the world are wealth and the prestige of wealth so thoroughly identified with social position as in America. One glance at the social register is sufficient. But more — wealth is rapidly developing an *esprit de corps* of its own, a new kind of free-masonry. Of two young men entering the employ of an important business house, both equally equipped as regard training and ability, the fellow from the better—the moneyed—family will have the better chance. The other may fill an important place in the statistics department, but the door of the director's room will be closed to him. And finally, there is the significant phenomenon of wealth-concentration. It is estimated that the wealth of the country is in the hands of no more than about 15% of

the total population. In a country where, as we have seen, the motive force is business, this can point to but one thing —a business aristocracy.

The function of such an aristocracy, as that of any aristocracy, is to develop unhindered and to the highest possible point the deepest values inherent in the social organization. Thus, a certain tradition and way of life once established among the Greeks, Athenian aristocracy under Pericles proceeded to develop what was most expressive of Greek temper and life. Likewise, the frontier won, and the formative period in American life practically over, American aristocracy will proceed to give expression to what is most characteristic of American life and manners. To be sure, such an expression will have nothing of the aesthetic refinement of the Greek, or the mysticism of the Medieval Age. For the representative men of our time have not occupied themselves with artistic ideals or inner values. They have worked with machines, directed men in a new and complex social activity, drawn their inspiration from business. American aristocracy will express itself in terms of these things.

VI

America's destiny, then, is in economics, and I feel it is only the sentimental idealist or intellectual pedant who would identify America with the creative arts. Quite clearly her contribution is in another field. Consider. America began, as it were, with the Industrial Revolution: she was not hampered by older traditions and other ideals, as was Europe. Hers has been a steady, uniform industrial growth — the only country in the world, as Carnegie once significantly remarked, that has had a purely industrial origin and development. To this enterprise it brings the same passionate interest and earnestness that the Greeks lavished on the quest of beauty or other people on spiritual power. It develops, as a result, a unique sense of individual and social values, a unique mode of life—a new standard of living.

Where is it more natural to find its essential meaning, its contribution, if you will, than in just these things?

Simple and natural as is this conclusion, though, we are extremely reluctant to accept it. We seem to insist on coupling a nation's destiny invariably with some form of artistic or moral attainment. We apparently forget that only that is a real contribution which flows from the deepest life of a people, and that we cannot superimpose upon it some ideal of our own, simply because, for one reason or another, it happens to appeal to our vanity.

What is more, we hesitate to identify American civilization with the condition of well-being and prosperity such as exists among us. We would, for example, turn to such older ideals as simplicity or even poverty. In this we are only playing, however, the traditional ostrich. For on the one hand, we throw the best of ourselves into the standard of living, and on the other we despise it as an unworthy ambition. "Lay ye not up treasures on earth," we repeat with humble, contrite hearts, and proceed to round off our stock with the latest radio set or automobile model. But what is there in this that we need be ashamed of? No one can hope to realize what is not in him, and the highest attainment is to realize what is essentially one's own. If business is the deepest expression of our age, as it seems to be, it is no less significant than the Greek quest of beauty. No doubt when we begin to regard it as such, as a natural and necessary expression of our time, as historically determined, so to speak, it will become the warmer, fuller, and more human thing for it.

VII

American business absorption cannot be intelligently understood or properly interpreted except in terms of one thing—the standard of living. American activity has one aim—"make money." And to make money is nothing more nor less than to make a living, which in a country where social standing means nothing apart from money, is also to make

a *better* living—to make *more* money—than the next fellow. To have a better home, live on a better street, ride in a better car. We recognize here that keen social competition which keeps us all so much on the *qui vive,* and which, whatever its undesirable aspects, has made, undoubtedly, for everything significant in American life.

This universal obligation to make money may seem revolting to many of us, but it has a deeper import than we generally suppose. In contrasting the American's attitude toward money with that of the European, Romier puts his fingers on it with characteristic directness. "The European," he says, "craves for money no less than the American. The European seeks gain as a private venture. This venture will bring him pleasures and satisfactions other than money, but private nevertheless. . . . The American, on the contrary, conceives the gain of money as the end and aim of all social relations; he doesn't suppose his gain to be independent of society, or that society can have any object more immediate than to encourage the gain of its citizens."

From which proceeds a fact of the highest importance. In America, wealth—capital—is in sympathy with society, and society with wealth. In no other civilization has each individual citizen been the object of such universal concern, or commanded so high a price. He was cheap in the older civilizations. The privileged class battened upon him in ease and luxury. The vestiges of it still remain with the ruins. The remains of the Roman Amphitheatre at Carthage are no more indicative of the past than the foul beggar who accosts you on the way. Walk through the sooks at Tunis, for instance, or the streets of any Eastern city, and the deep essential meaning of American civilization will be brought home to you with startling cogency. Thousands upon thousands of men, women, and children squatting through life, degraded, diseased, and blinded with trachoma, foul and ill-smelling. There is nothing in the East Side of New York, or in the most degraded negro quarters any-

where in the United States to compare with it. For at least among us it is segregated and apart, and we feel that it is not an essential part of the larger canvas. But there, it is woven into the entire picture, and seems to draw all its significance from it.

But, it may be objected, the fact that the social motive in America is also an aristocracy, and that the wealth of the country is in a comparatively few hands, presents no better prospects for the individual citizen over here. This is to miss the point of our civilization. For once we understand that the whole force and meaning of American life is in the standard of living, and that American business supremacy itself is only an expression of it, the individual citizen takes on value because of, and not despite this fact. The standard of living functions only as each individual functions—it has no validity without him; neglect the one and you neglect the other. An impoverished public cannot buy; and a business aristocracy cannot long exist, if it does not sell. So that it is as much in the interest of "big business" to encourage and promote the standard of living as for each individual to maintain it. Marx, right as he was about the concentration of wealth, was too close to the older aristocracies with their one-sided, private point of view to foresee that capitalism ultimately reaches a point where, *ipso facto,* from its own interests, it acquires a social point of view. What particular harm is there in the concentration of wealth, if the standard of living is not adversely affected by it? Wealth is more diffused in France, yet who would say that the average Frenchman lives better than his American brother?

Business—the standard of living—it has its significant counterpart in American stress on public service and the social point of view. Child welfare, workers' or farmers' relief, legal aid, community and settlement houses, public hospitals and clinics, institutions for the aged or disabled, laboratories for social study and research—the list is end-

less. (For a more impressive list, I refer the reader to any current number of the "Survey-Graphic" under "Directory of Social Agencies.") The social motive saturates the whole American scene. It transforms philanthropy into something of a science. It dominates every social activity, from the Young Woman's Literary Club, Main Street, to the fashionable New York salon. It is at the basis of statistics. "Statistics show"—here is all weight and authority—the court of last appeal. It dominates the whole *modus operandi* of American business. The "service talk" that flows in such profusion among us, from the glib door-canvasser to the railroad director, is not all palaver and buncombe, as the cynical think. Much of it is the culture spirit speaking. As the standard of living continues to gain in prestige, the average citizen realizes more and more that the other fellow's welfare bears materially on his own—that service pays. Thus, in more than the familiar figurative sense is the average man in America becoming his brother's keeper.

Greek civilization has its concrete, tangible expression in plastic art and drama; Roman in a vast military system; American in that complex chain of comforts and improvements which go to make up our daily life and environment. We do not have sufficient perspective in America to see the latter, *en bloc*—the thing is too immense. And the perspective of time is not vouchsafed us. But concentrate on it from the larger perspective of another continent, say, in Paris or Rome, and it rises on the mind's eye in all its strength and originality. You feel deeply that this towering architecture of home and office, this ease with which people move on the material plane, able to command the resources of the world within the radius of a half-stretched arm, this efficiency in the organization and control of vast masses of men and machines—that it is all something new, and different, and fraught even with a beauty all its own, a kind of *"lyrisme matériel."*

We should err greatly, then, if we lay the stress on the felicitous line, or the spiritual experience. The whole force of life is rather in the direction of material comfort and universal well-being, and the refinements and graces that flow from it. No doubt, some of us whose vision is turned with a kind of historical nostalgia toward the past may be disappointed, or even aggrieved. But what else may we expect from a civilization where progress is measured by the standard of living and the symbol is the machine?

BETWEEN THE ACTS AT GHENT

By EMILY STONE WHITELEY

IN 1814 both the United States and Great Britain were thoroughly tired of the *Trial by Combat,* so, although war was still raging on land and sea, it was agreed that commissions from the two governments should get together and discuss terms of peace. Ghent was finally chosen as the meeting place, and the American delegates, after long journeys from various parts of Europe and the United States, began to arrive in July. John Quincy Adams and Jonathan Russell were the first, James Ashton Bayard came a few days later, then Henry Clay and last of all Albert Gallatin. About the same time the secretary to the Commission, Christopher Hughes, tore himself away from the delights of Paris and reported for duty. "Kit" Hughes was a Maryland man of Irish extraction, twenty-eight years of age at the time, and had married about three years previously a daughter of General Samuel Smith.

Never has the United States put a stronger team into the field. The principals represented various sections of the country and different shades of political opinion. They were all, with the exception of Russell, men of great ability; they had a high sense of the heavy responsibility resting upon them; above all they were good fighting men. From the dramatic point of view, "our lively secretary" was a marvelous selection. Hughes provided the note of comedy in a very serious business. "He is good-humoured," wrote Adams, "smart at repartee, and a thorough punster, theory and practice." It is only fair to add that he had also more serious qualifications for his post—quick observation and correct judgment united to "great facility

and great assiduity in the transaction of business." "The fine qualities of Hughes cannot fail to interest you very highly," wrote Mr. Clay to Mr. Bayard shortly before they all met at Ghent.

There were also some hard-working private secretaries and a number of junior attachés who were very independent and came and went much as they pleased. Among these was John Payne Todd, Mrs. Madison's son by her first marriage. Some Frenchman innocently mispronouncing his name dubbed him "Monsieur Toad" to Hughes' great delight, and after that he seldom went by any other name in the Mission. "Toad" was greatly fascinated by Paris, but it was not only the gayeties that attracted him. The poor fellow was cross-eyed, and a physician of that city had promised to straighten his eyes, so he had a good alibi for not sticking in Ghent. Then there was James Gallatin. That auburn-haired youth, who may still be seen as Cupid in the well-known picture by David, accompanied his father, and was just about entering on his amazing career as a dandy. He had his new Chinese nankeen suit with him and his white silk stockings and his mother's pearl brooch for his high white choker. A few months later he was presented to the Prince Regent and was told by that competent authority that he would break many hearts; and James was anticipating that prophecy.

The Commissioners established themselves at Ghent in a large house, now called the Maison d'Alcantara, a dignified eighteenth century building with a façade on the rue des Champs. It was supposed to be fully furnished, even to a traditional ghost, and had a fine garden. There were rooms for all the chiefs, but the secretaries were scattered about in lodgings. "We should have been gratified to have had Mr. Hughes with us," wrote Adams. "I regret the loss of his society." However Hughes and all the other attachés came to dinner every day, and the whole party gathered around the long dining table.

In this house they lived for many months and played many a pretty dramatic scene of tragedy and of comedy between the acts of their public performances. Here they wrote and argued and re-wrote and quarreled and made up and began over again and closed ranks and sallied forth with a brave front to meet the English, and nearly broke their hearts in their effort to make a good peace.

It was over a month before the British Commissioners arrived, and the Americans fretted at the delay. A great event had changed the whole international scene since the peace negotiations had first been set afoot. Napoleon had been defeated at Leipzig and was now at Elba. Great Britain had her hands free to pursue the war in America with the whole power of her army and navy. The Americans felt terribly alone against their powerful enemy. They knew that heavy reinforcements were going out from England, and they feared that military reverses would put them in a bad position for negotiating. However there was nothing to do but to wait with the best patience they could. The secretary beguiled the time by teasing Mr. Adams for having summoned him away from Paris before there was anything doing, and the attachés, being very lightly attached, journeyed off on pleasure trips.

Finally the British Envoys, Admiral Lord Gambier, Mr. Goulburn, Dr. Adams, and the secretary, Mr. Anthony St. John Baker, arrived. Mr. Gallatin looked them over and confided to Cupid that he felt perfectly competent to handle any or all of them. Even so, after the first conferences the Americans felt terribly depressed. They knew their country needed peace desperately, and they saw no hope of obtaining it. The ideas of the two parties were so far apart that it seemed no compromise could ever bridge the gulf. Perhaps Great Britain did not even want to end the war, they thought; a few formalities and the whole business would be over, and they might as well order their ship to make ready for a grim homeward voyage. Only

Henry Clay took a contrary view. Clay was a great card player; one of his favorite games being Brag, an early form of poker. He suspected that the British were indulging in one of the usual maneuvres of that diversion, and so for some "inconceivable" reason, as Adams wrote, Clay maintained that their opponents would retreat from their position. The poker player was right; that was only a beginning of the game. It was a long struggle with many ups and downs. Again and again the Americans thought it was all off and steeled their hearts to accept failure; again and again a way was found out of the difficulty and the negotiations went on.

There was plenty of cause for misunderstandings. Ignorance and resentment had built up a wall between the two nations. In the London papers the current story was that Henry Clay stropped his razor in the mornings on a strip of skin which he had cut from Tecumseh's back. The Englishmen looked at the Westerner curiously, and Goulburn made the discovery that all Americans thought they had a natural and inalienable right to kill Indians. The sight of the redcoats doing sentry duty before the British headquarters in the old Convent of the Chartreux reminded Adams of the time when he first saw that uniform. It was just after the battle of Lexington. He was a little boy; there was a great bustle in the house; his mother was melting her pewter spoons into bullets, and they all expected "hourly to be butchered by General Gage's troops." Thus pleasantly ruminating, the Chief of the Mission would pass in between the scarlet soldiers to a conference.

Gallatin with his European education and manner of thought seemed nearer to the English than the men of their own race. The Duke of Wellington wrote that he placed his confidence in Gallatin's sense of justice, moderation and good common sense to bring the parties together. It is difficult to confer about peace when war is going on. They met in conference and preserved the forms of cour-

tesy while their armies and fleets were grappling with each other on the other side of the world. With bitterness in their hearts they ate each other's bread and salt at reciprocal dinners, and some of these were fairly stiff occasions.

There were short periods of intense activity in the negotiations when the Commissioners would work day and night preparing their arguments and counter-propositions, and "the fly on the coach wheel," as the secretary called himself, would be very busy copying and re-copying and hurrying to and fro between the American residence and the headquarters of the British. Then there would be a long interval of usually ten days while everything was referred to the Council in England. The Americans got through these trying periods of inaction and suspense as best they could. Henry Clay played cards. Mr. Adams caught up with his diary. On many a cold gray dawn the light was still burning in one of the windows of the Maison d'Alcantara; Clay and his friends were having a game, and as the party broke up and the panes went black, a light would appear in another casement. It was Adams' candle. The Head of the Mission was kindling his fire and getting ready to read his five chapters in the Bible and then start on his work of the day.

There were coffee houses in the town where one could read the papers, and also billiard rooms. Then there was the French theatre. Mr. Gallatin and James went every night and got to know all the company intimately. Mr. Bayard, observing James, wrote home to his son that he was glad he had left him at college, in spite of the great comfort and solace it would have been to him to have had the young man with him. The European trip was not doing Mr. Gallatin's son any good; he was not "advancing one step in the acquisition of any useful knowledge." Mr. Adams limited himself to one night a week at the play. He had always been very fond of the theatre. When he was a boy at school at Passy, his father and Dr. Franklin

used to take him to see a troupe of child actors. There was a lovely girl in the company, and young John Quincy adored her for many months but could not get the chance to speak to her. He had never forgotten the charming vision; but he hoped that his boys would never make the acquaintance of actresses—delightful, clever beings—but young scions of the Adams family must stuff wax in their ears and pull on their oars.

The citizens of Ghent were very hospitable to the Commission. The Intendant and the Mayor and the prominent families entertained them with great friendliness. The good Belgians felt a great deal of sympathy for the Americans. Their own fate was at that time in the hands of the Congress of Vienna and was about to be decided for them without any reference to their wishes. They gave them good dinners and showed them their art treasures, and they invited their guests to be honorary members of their learned and scientific societies. Mr. Bayard and Mr. Adams and Mr. Gallatin were invited by the Society of Fine Arts and Letters, and Mr. Clay and Mr. Russell and Mr. Hughes received a similar compliment from the Society of Agriculture and Botany, at which Mr. Russell was somewhat nettled, considering himself to have been placed in the less honorable group. The musicians of the town were anxious to learn "Hail Columbia." They had some trouble in getting it, but with Mr. Gallatin's "black Peter" whistling and Mr. Hughes doing a little scraping on a fiddle, they made out, and soon all the bands in the town were playing it.

At the dinner parties they sometimes finished the evening with whist. Mr. Adams had the Intendant's lady as a partner, and Mr. Clay was bored and thought the stakes too small. Mr. Gallatin told some of the ladies that Mr. Adams was too devoted to his wife to be interested in feminine charms and Mr. Adams politely begged Mr. Gallatin to mind his own business and let the ladies find out

about him for themselves and in their own ways. At one entertainment the little twelve-year old daughter of the Mayor played on the harp and sang several verses in compliment to the guests, whereupon John Quincy, not to be outdone in courtesy, and also because he always had a weakness for versifying, knocked off work for one whole morning in order to compose a suitable response.

Of course the Americans returned the civilities. They gave dinners with music, took the ladies for a turn in the garden, which was gaily illuminated, and even had dancing. There were the usual slow games of whist, but Mr. Clay got some excitement out of it one evening when he won a picture that Mr. Adams had previously drawn in a lottery and also the prize that Mr. Russell had drawn.

A number of Americans turned up in Ghent, some just for the pleasure of seeing their fellow-citizens, some with a very practical intention of finding out how the negotiations were going. Among the latter was Mr. Bentzon, a son-in-law of John Jacob Astor. He hung about a good deal and was actually in at the finish, trying to pick up information for his father-in-law.

The envoys were eager for news from home, and, direct communication being rare, what knowledge they got of the progress of the war came frequently through British sources. They knew that Admiral Cochrane and his fleet threatened the whole Atlantic Coast and that an expedition was preparing for New Orleans. "It is not possible that the summer should pass without bringing us news that will cause our hearts to ache." At last it came. Washington had been captured, Baltimore was threatened.

Mr. Goulburn sent Mr. Clay the London papers containing the official account of the taking of the Capital, with an apology for the disagreeable nature of the intelligence, presuming that, nevertheless, Mr. Clay would like to have the latest news. To this bitter-tasting courtesy Mr. Clay responded in a short while by sending to Mr.

Goulburn with his compliments a Paris journal containing the first tidings of the destruction of the British fleet on Lake Champlain. He apologized for the unpleasant character of the news, but presumed that Mr. Goulburn would be anxious for the most recent information.

Those were dark days for the secretary of the Commission. His young wife and his father were in Baltimore. His brother-in-law, Colonel Armistead, was in command of Fort McHenry, protecting Baltimore on the water side, and his father-in-law, General Smith, had charge of the militia defending the city in the absence of regular troops. It must have been difficult in such circumstances to keep up one's character as the life of the party. Even Mr. Clay's optimism was dashed. "These distressing events," he wrote, "have given me the deepest affliction." Mr. Adams went to the play the evening he heard of the capture of Washington, but he was too miserable to be diverted. Looking back on that unhappy time he remembered with gratitude the cheerfulness and animation the secretary mingled "in the cup of our political bitterness and dullness."

In spite of discouragements the Commissioners maintained a strong stand, and gradually matters began to take on a better aspect. The English really wanted to make peace. Lord Castlereagh, Minister for Foreign Affairs, passed through Ghent on his way to Vienna and read Mr. Goulburn a stiff lesson, and the Duke of Wellington wrote a letter to the Prime Minister that pushed the affair along considerably.

The Americans always had great discussions over every paper they drew up. Mr. Adams was all for a spirited tone, Mr. Gallatin wanted to strike out every expression that might give offence, Mr. Bayard made changes in the style; and now, as their opponents drew nearer to their terms, they had a hard time to agree among themselves. Some terrific arguments, not to say battles, took place.

On one occasion Clay stalked up and down the room in the old Maison d'Alcantara and swore that, so help him God, he would never agree to a certain article; and there was another day when Adams told his colleagues bitterly to go ahead and sign the paper under consideration if they liked it, but that he would never put his name to it; and the Kentuckian said gloomily that they were going to "make a damned bad treaty." In such moments Mr. Gallatin would ease the tension with a humorous comment or Mr. Hughes would break up the meeting with a laugh.

One day, after a long and nerve-racking conference with their opponents, Mr. Clay remarked that Mr. Goulburn was a man of much irritation. "Irritability is the word," said Adams, and looking at Clay fixedly, he added in a half-jesting tone, "like somebody else that I know." Clay laughed and sent the ball back. "Aye, we all know him, and none better than yourself"; and Gallatin, joining in the attack on their chief, said, "he is your *best friend.*" "Agreed," said Adams, "I'm the most irritable," adding, with his eye on Clay, *"except one,"* and they let him have the last word. "The Chevalier," as they called Mr. Bayard, had, of all, the most perfect control of his temper. He and Mr. Adams discussed their differences one night tête-à-tête over a bottle of Chambertin, with good results for harmony, and that time it was the Massachusetts man who gave way.

One of the fiercest battles they had was about an article relating to the fisheries. The question was tangled up with another article regarding the navigation of the Mississippi. That New England men should have the liberty to fish in Canadian waters and dry their catch on Canadian shores seemed to Clay very unimportant, but Adams was determined not to yield a jot of what he considered Yankee rights. The "Battle of the Fish" raged long and loud until finally they agreed among themselves and got the English to consent to leave the matter to be adjusted by a com-

mission. Years afterwards Henry Clay was dining with John Quincy Adams in Washington. A large fish was brought on the table. "What is that?" Clay inquired as the cover was removed. "A codfish from my constituents in Marblehead," replied his host; "shall I send you a bit of it?" Clay remembered their ancient quarrel; "Not the least bit," he replied, laughing and waving it away with a god-forbid gesture. "The bones would stick in my throat like a Mississippi snag."

Not until about the end of November did the Americans begin to think that their efforts would be successful. At last the articles were agreed upon. No territory was ceded, no rights abrogated, some troublesome matters were passed over in silence, others were to be submitted to commissions; and so, on December 24th, 1814, in the Convent of the Chartreux, the British and American Commissioners signed their names to the Treaty of Ghent, and a message of peace and good-will floated over the world.

Three copies of the Treaty were executed on each side. Mr. Baker, the British Secretary, had a carriage waiting in the courtyard and started off posthaste with a copy to be ratified by the British Government. Mr. Hughes was to carry the tidings and a copy of the Treaty to the American Government, and in case of accident or delay, another copy was entrusted to Mr. Henry Carroll, Clay's secretary.

The next day Mr. Adams wrote to Mr. Monroe, Secretary of State, a joint letter from the Commissioners and gave the despatch to Hughes. The secretary glanced it over: "There now, my name is not once mentioned in the whole letter," he blurted out impetuously, thinking perhaps that some notice of his devoted service was due. "I assure you," said he, "this takes away a great part of my satisfaction in being the bearer of the Treaty." Mr. Adams explained somewhat coldly that such personal matters were not proper in an official paper, but he assured the young man that his work would be commended in a private

letter to Mr. Monroe. Hughes, still feeling a bit sore, hurried off to get the signatures of some of the other Commissioners who were dining at the house of Madame van Canighem. During the dinner Mr. Clay noticed that the secretary was not in his usual spirits, and when Hughes, having made his adieux, was about to leave, the Kentuckian followed him into the corridor. He threw his arm around the young man and asked affectionately what was the matter. A great part of Clay's charm was his warm human sympathy, and he was not going to let their "lively secretary" start off on his long winter journey in a gloom of hurt feelings. Hughes may have realized afterwards that Adams was right, but he never forgot Clay's kindness. Thirty years later Henry Clay suffered a bitter disappointment. The Presidency which had seemed at last almost within his grasp slipped from him. When Christopher Hughes, at that time Chargé d'Affaires in Sweden, heard the result of the election, his heart overflowed in a long letter of condolence. After assurances of his love and respect, he reminded his old chief of that winter night in Ghent; he recalled all the details of the scene, the exciting events of the day, his mortification, and the sympathy and kindness that Clay showed to him then—"and the precious pen you used to sign that last despatch (Mme. van Canighem thought it was the Treaty and always boasted that the Peace had been made at her house) is in a glass case in her home and is sacredly preserved to this day."

The news of the signing of the Treaty by the Commissioners was announced in Ghent on Christmas Day, and was received with great manifestations of joy by high and low. The Americans entertained the British, and the British entertained the Americans. The Intendant gave a dinner for the envoys of both nations, at which his daughter-in-law, the charming Countess d'Hane, teased Mr. Goulburn by telling him that "Hail Columbia" was a prettier tune than "God Save the King," and much more gay and

lively. In the town a ripple of amusement was caused by some impudent doggerel verses in honor of the event. They alluded to a recent *bon mot* of the Prince de Ligne about the Congress at Vienna, *"Le Congrès danse mais il ne marche pas,"* and recommended the Sovereigns and Ministers assembled at the Austrian Capital to look at what had been done at Ghent; no one ever saw Lord Gambier and Mr. Gallatin waltzing or Mr. Goulburn taking part in a country dance; they all stuck to their work, and lo, one morning, when nobody expected it, it was found that they had made a treaty, and all was settled.

The good people of Ghent had a real affection for their American guests. Ten years later in 1825 when John Quincy Adams became President and made Henry Clay his Secretary of State and Christopher Hughes his representative at Brussels, it seemed to their Belgian friends a perfect end to a perfect story.

"Everyone in Ghent is delighted at your appointment," Baron van Crombrugghe, the Netherlands Minister to Stockholm told Mr. Hughes. "They insist upon considering it a special compliment to them, *une coquetterie envers leur bonne ville de Gand.*" When the former secretary arrived in Brussels to fill his new post his old friends came down to see him—among them Charles Maelcamp, the tall lank fellow whom the Americans used to call the sword of Charlemagne, now comfortably married to a rich widow; the Dowager Countess d'Hane with her large family of children and grandchildren; van Huffel, who had painted and sketched the Commissioners at Ghent; and all the others, delighting and sometimes embarrassing Hughes with their attentions. They claimed him as a member of their scientific academies, and his colleagues of the diplomatic corps rallied him not a little on his fellowship in the Botanical Society. At a reception at the British Minister's, Lady Bagot maliciously called on him for the name of a beautiful exotic plant. Amid much laughter Mr.

Hughes roared out that it was a hollyhock and for the moment put an end to their teasing.

"'Twas moonset at starting," or four o'clock in the morning of the 26th of December, when Hughes dashed off to bring the good news from Ghent to Washington. There was a long journey before him. He had to cross France to sail on the Transit from Bordeaux. Owing to various accidents the ship was a week in getting out of the Garonne. Hughes had hoped to be the first to present the good news to his Government, but all chance of that pleasant sensational end to his mission had vanished before he was out of sight of land. "I am afraid I shall be second or third herald in point of time," he wrote to the Ministers at Ghent. Buffeted by wintry winds he ploughed his way across the Atlantic for sixty stormy days, and the Treaty had been ratified and signed long before the secretary landed on these shores.

Henry Carroll had better luck. He sailed on the British sloop of war Favorite with Mr. Baker, who was bringing over the British ratification. He landed at New York on the 11th of February and proceeded with all haste to the Capital.

The last scene of the drama was played in the Octagon House at Washington when President Madison signed the Treaty, but before this *dénouement* Fate in a sportive mood staged a little *entr'acte* that seemed to John Quincy Adams a most pleasant piece of irony.

Just two days ahead of Carroll on the road was Harrison Gray Otis, journeying south to present to the Government the first fruits of the Hartford Convention. Somewhere near Baltimore the messenger from Ghent overtook the emissary from Massachusetts and they reached Washington about the same time—the one bearing the menace of separation and the other the treaty of peace that put an end to internal dissension as well as to the war with the foreign enemy.

BREAKING THE SOLID SOUTH

By JAMES SOUTHALL WILSON

NOVEMBER 6, 1928, is one of those occasional days that are singled out by circumstance for remembrance. It may or may not prove important that it was the day on which Herbert Hoover was elected president. It remains to be seen whether it is the last referendum on prohibition or the elimination of the chance of the nomination of a Roman Catholic to the presidential candidacy of a major party in the United States. The date marks an important event whatever its other consequences: it broke the Solid South. Already the section furnishing most "copy" to journalism, a regular briar patch of question marks, the South now offers a new and exciting substitute for cross-word puzzles and ping pong in the question: What will become of the pieces?

The breaking of the South was itself the occasion of a variety of picturesque reactions. University students in Virginia burned Intolerance in effigy, Jefferson's statue was hung in black at the institution he founded and inscriptions recorded the death of religious toleration and democratic freedom of thought. Andrew Jackson's image was similarly adorned in Nashville, Tennessee, and with like mottoes. A member of the Mississippi legislature proposed resolutions providing that the Governor of that state should request the removal of the bodies of Lee and Jackson from the Republican soil of their native state Virginia to that of the loyally Democratic Mississippi. The Southern newspapers were filled with post-election statements. In the main these showed deliberation and caution. The defeated leaders spoke without bitterness and their victorious opponents without

unseemly jubilation. And all newspapers carried the supposed plans of President-elect Hoover for the organization of a "respectable" Republican party in the South exclusively under white leaders. All these incidents were straws on the surface of disturbed waters. Both sides appeared nervously eager not to agitate them any further. Some Smith Democrats seemed embarrassed at the mere chance of being caught looking on where their recent antagonists were pouring oil on the troubled waters; as if they feared to enrage the peacemakers by inadvertently reading the names on the oil-cans. Whether these incidents of victory and defeat were comically absurd or humanly amusing depended usually on how the observer himself had voted. But Southerners united in one occupation: everyone began explaining how it happened.

There is one thing that is obvious. No local issue or provincial leadership brought this thing to pass. A political weather bureau could have predicted the course of the upheaval. In fact one did: the straw vote practitioners were justified of their absurdities. Florida has little in common with Kentucky, Texas and Virginia, and North Carolina and Tennessee have different social, economic, and geographical problems, but it could be no bare coincidence that carried them all Republican together. It is more difficult to give a reasonable guess as to the basis of this common cause of Southern secession from a Democratic political Confederacy that has lasted since Southern white men controlled their own votes. The appeal of Mr. Hoover's personality is not enough. There did exist a wide-spread and very real admiration for the man, and the belief that the practical material welfare of the entire country would be best served by his election. Also there was a mythical Mr. Hoover, an idealistic embodiment of all the finer associations and sentiments that survived in the recollections of the World War. Whether it was the reward of a canny sixth political sense or a noble freedom from partisanship,

Mr. Hoover's work and its associations have been subject to little attack or sordid selfish misrepresentation since the war, and those who were bitterest in mistrust of him in war days were his ardent supporters on the hustings of the recent election. There were two candidates for the Republican presidential nomination: one was a solid, undemonstrative Quaker business man, an engineer as cool and safe and machine-like as a piece of machinery; the other a self-controlled but impassioned idealist, the savior of Belgian children, the bringer of succor to the dwellers along the Mississippi, the heir of the finer passions of Woodrow Wilson idealism even among some people who have hated Woodrow Wilson. It is scarcely possible, however, that the Solid South was broken by the combined appeal of these two conceptions of Mr. Hoover. It is even unlikely that more Southerners voted for Mr. Hoover on his personal appeal than were brought to the polls, of those who otherwise would have stayed at home, by the attraction of the vivid Mr. Smith and what they considered his courage, his honesty, and his homely charm.

It is said that the South will vote for the Devil or a yellow dog running on the Democratic ticket. That may still hold, but it was proved that a majority in certain of the rock-ribbed Democratic states will not vote for a candidate who represents to their minds three organizations that they have been taught to hate—the saloon, the Roman Church, and Tammany. The slogan that defeated Blaine, "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion," had no such malign influence when certain of Mr. Hoover's supporters renewed it, changing the trinity to "Rum, Romanism, and Corruption." In political campaigns it isn't the truth that influences the voters: it is what the majorities hold to be true; and thousands of voters in the South were satisfied for practical purposes with what they heard in their churches—that the election of Al Smith threatened the safety of their homes, their churches, and their ideas of clean politics. Nobody told

them, not even Al Smith, that there was anything to fear from Mr. Hoover's election except a continuance of things as they are. These three institutions, then, were like white mice to an elephant, but it is impossible to disentangle them. Certainly this election was no referendum on the Eighteenth Amendment. The Southern majorities did not represent a majority within the Democratic party, for the Republican vote would have gone to Mr. Hoover in any case, and the majorities in the states that changed complexion in the South were far less than the usual Republican vote in those states. Nor is it reasonable to suppose that prohibition was the only—as it is doubtful if it was the chief—issue with those former Democrats who changed party on this election. Moreover throughout the country at large—normally Republican—Governor Smith received more popular votes than have ever been polled by a Democratic presidential candidate. Yet it is perfectly within reason that this campaign result may have the effect of being a prohibition referendum just as the election of Warren Harding was accepted as a referendum on the entrance into the League.

Neither does it follow that a Roman Catholic or a representative of Tammany Hall might not become president, but it has been rendered highly doubtful that either will for long years be again nominated by a major party.

No liberal Southerner, whatever his politics, can find comfort in some of the campaign methods used chiefly in the South. Factions in both parties used the Negro for arguments: but so far as one observer was able to ascertain in two Southern states, Smith's supporters usually made use of the Negro only to frighten voters with the danger of black control in politics by recalling the horrors of certain very real past events; those opposing Smith circulated handbills that threatened the most specific and immediate changes in relations between the races that sent chills down the backbones of imaginative white readers. Responsible speakers, too, were quoted as drawing pictures of Harlem

mixed parties for which, the presumption was, Al Smith was responsible, that harrowed the feelings of sensitive Southern women and roused the indignation—not always for the same reasons—of Southern men. The bitterness with which religious and sectarian feeling entered the campaign was deplorable. From Florida to Virginia no one issue—for it *was* an issue—was as much discussed or so loudly debated on both sides. This is not the place to argue the question of separation of church and state or of religious toleration: the fact is that no honest man who was a fairly alert observer can deny, if he spent a few days before the election in North Carolina, Virginia, or Florida, that the implication of Smith's church connections was one of the dominant arguments used against him. It is fair to say, however, that it was not as a believer in a religious faith that most of these people opposed a Catholic, but because rightly or falsely they have come to regard the organization of that Church as symbolic of a group of practical programmes and moral policies to which they are opposed.

Election Day itself, however, was in the South one more triumph for the Anglo-Saxon love of orderliness and decency. The issues were those over which men's passions rise most flaringly: religious differences, racial antipathies, sectional prejudices, party rivalries reaching back to fighting issues, and social jealousies (for family tradition and class associations played an important though an unnoticed part in the Southern cleavage). Riots and atrocities, at least family bitterness and rancorous bickerings, would have attended in almost any other quarter of the earth save England such a political revolution as took place at the voting booths of the Southern states on November 6, 1928. Instead, an occasional dignified challenging of a voter at the booth, otherwise the long queues of voters, such as this generation had never seen before, passed jokingly up, each one in peaceful but determined good humor to

fill out the ballot that killed the vote of his neighbor, perhaps even his brother or wife, with whom he had never differed in a national election before in his life. And the aftermath was as peaceful and well-mannered—if not always as free from a secret bitterness of feeling. Though those who voted for the Hoover ticket restrained their expressions of triumph tactfully, it is hard to keep a victorious eye from shining.

What will be the outcome? What have these newly made Republican states to expect from themselves? The broken pieces of the South remain for the moment stunned by the momentousness and novelty of what has happened. Coals of hatred, of intense class, religious, racial, and factional bitterness, lie slumbering ready to burst into flame if intolerant or rancorous breath blow ever so slightly upon them. Will the Democrats in states like Virginia and Texas, North Carolina or Florida, who voted for Hoover and in many cases for local Republican candidates too, remain Republicans or will they return to the party that they and their fathers have always voted with before? And if they return to the party ranks, will they come bringing olive branches or pieces of hate?

The problem is as complex as was that of the issues of the election. The women were the largest single factor in the Southern "flop," and they have had no long association with party organization, no education in party loyalty as have the men. The policies of the organized forces of prohibition remain to be declared also. They have experimented for the first time with inter-party contests and "got away with it." They have shown the power of an organized group in joining with a minority party to create a majority. It remains to be seen whether in the future they will return to their former policy of attempting to control the majority party in the Southern states at the primaries or continue the method successfully used in this election of leading their own fight against whatever party declares for policies that

seem to them unfavorable to their special interests. Nor is it possible to predict how large a proportion of the greatly increased electorate will continue to vote without the irritant or invitation of Al Smith's candidacy.

No intelligent survey of the whole palpitant situation can forget the historic background of political parties in the South since the Civil War. Not even the youngest of the younger generation has forgot that the Republican party was born out of hostility to Southern policies, that it carried its hatred into the dastardly atrocities of Reconstruction, that it was responsible even later for combinations between white spoilsmen and negro illiterates that produced conditions so foul that gentlemen whose standards of honor had been fit models for the world justified election fraud and practiced political corruption. Moreover until now the Republican party in the South not only lacked social respectability to Southern minds but it was popularly felt that many who belonged to it were in it because either they or their fathers had joined it for "pork-barrel" reasons and that most of the others were men from other states who were Republican by tradition as Southerners were Democratic by tradition; they belonged there, but the self-respecting Southerner did not. That feeling in states like North Carolina or Virginia will not pass overnight. Nor will the feeling of class solidarity dissolve before the heat of one election day. Among a new and numerous grouping of families that feel themselves socially fit, the product of one generation of good high-school education, there is to no small degree a jealousy of the older aristocracy that as often as not is less prosperous than themselves. But these people are usually unconscious of their jealousy just as they are not self-conscious of any differences in social importance. It is probable that where they sense them at all they are more desirous of possessing the social graces and the personal friendship of the representatives of the older culture than hostile or jealous of them. Though it is true that it

has suddenly, almost over the night of November sixth, become respectable to many people's minds to be a *native* Republican in the South, it is still a factor that the names one proudly boasts in Virginia or the Carolinas, when one boasts of names at all, are as definitely associated with the Democratic party as ever. President Hoover can do much to build up a Southern Republican party with more prestige than it has ever enjoyed so far, but the historic and social atmosphere of the South is Democratic and that is a factor that anyone considering the future of the situation will do well to reckon with.

Each of the Southern states that voted Republican has its own peculiar situation. For example, Florida has its Northern residents—who are like the poor only in this—always with it; in North Carolina one of the senators joined hands with the Republicans and the Anti-Saloon leaders in defeating the national Democratic ticket, but the state Democratic ticket was generally victorious. The political leaders of the Democratic party in Virginia, on the other hand, and practically all the better newspapers, supported the entire Democratic ticket, but not only was Smith defeated but a great part of the state ticket as well. None the less, one of the most inviting problems for thought in American politics today is, what effect will the breaking of the Solid South have upon the South itself? What will be the alignment hereafter of the voters who deserted their party in 1928?

Three courses come to mind as possible. The Southern voters for Hoover may join the Republican party and create by their adherence a formidable rival to the traditional party in the Southern states. The possibility of this course appears more reasonable on the surface than it is probable in fact. The defeat of so many local representatives from the South who were neither wet, Roman, nor Tiger indicates a real conversion to the party of Mr. Coolidge, which is not offset by the sensitiveness of hosts of the voters to

being called "Republicans" and to the Esau-Jacob nomenclature of Hoover Democrats. This organized movement against the Democratic ticket, however, in states like Virginia was not so much in the name of the Republican party as against individual issues. Religious and local leaders brought in Republicans from other states, marked tickets were sent out, political dodgers were circulated, all of which worked together to defeat the entire ticket. A deep inroad was made into the habit of mind of voting the Democratic ticket always under all conditions; but unless the same forces were at work again it is unlikely that one election has changed an overwhelmingly Democratic electorate into a normally Republican majority. When under average voting conditions a normal vote is taken, it is likely that results will show a slightly increased electorate and a slightly decreased Democratic majority; though in certain counties local conditions may keep the Republicans in the lead.

If it happens that most of the seceders return to the Democratic ranks, how will they go and how will they be received? They may go like victors to dictate terms and run the party that they have helped discipline. In that case, if they are successful there will follow a reconstruction of the party. Like the triumvirs in Roman history, each party to the coalition may claim his sacrifice, and more than one eloquent tongue, metaphorically speaking, may be run through with an avenging needle. But for this course to come about one of two conditions must be realized. Either the present party leaders who have relentlessly fought the seceders must surrender, or the seceders themselves must enter the primary ranks and defeat the old leaders *within* their own party as they have done outside it. And this they can hardly do; for with national issues to aid them and money that would not be available for interparty contests they have failed to carry a majority of the Democratic party. Virginia, for example, with the Democratic se-

ceders added to the normal Republican vote, gave only twenty some thousand majority for Hoover. In other words the Democrats who voted against Smith were powerful only because their votes were added to the Republican minority; but deduct the amount of the normal Republican vote from the total and the remainder is a smaller minority than the usual Republican vote in Virginia. Nor is it human that the Democrats that remained with their party under conditions like the recent bitter contest will be in a frame of mind easily to be made into converts by those who have recently been the means of a stinging defeat to their party.

The third course of action seems the more probable one. The seceders in the main will return to the party fold without either boasting or apology. This is the only action consistent with the protestations of the campaign. If their votes were protests against Al Smith and what they felt he represented, they can consistently return to the party when it is purged of his candidacy. If they bear grudges against some of the party leaders, they will secretly pay them by their future actions within the party just as in turn they will probably sometimes be punished in the same way when in the future their desertion is remembered. And the same considerations will weigh with the loyal Democratic leaders. Just as it is true that those who have formerly voted the Democratic ticket, who in this election voted against it, are not numerous enough to control the party from within, neither is it by any means certain that, if a policy of retaliation or punishment is followed on the part of the Democratic organization, enough of the seceders will return to the party to restore to it its former control of the state. Politicians on both sides may feel that it is sometimes safer to forgive one's enemies than to fight them; a Christian virtue may become a political wisdom. The logic of the situation then recommends the acceptance of the result of the 1928 election by all Democrats as an ex-

ceptional outcome of peculiar conditions. That there will be an accession of strength and a changed position that offer new opportunities to the Republican organization is a likely assumption. But the strong probability is that the Solid South will remain normally in the Democratic ranks.

The most vital, as it is as yet the most difficult, question to answer is the effect upon the individual leaders within the states that underwent change. Will the old coalitions between the party and prohibition leaders ever again function with mutual conciliation? Has the prestige of any of the Democratic officials been so shaken that they have lost their popularity with the voters? Have the battles of this election embittered so many against those who brought about the defeat of the Democratic party that they will not follow their leaders in a policy of conciliation within the ranks? Only one thing can safely be predicted. The tradition of an unshakable Solid South has been broken and never again will politics in the South be quite the same safe bet. In this the Republicans will profit. Beyond that Southerners will differ. Thousands will long feel a deep and sincere humiliation; other thousands will as honestly rejoice in what they think was a strong and right independence of action. Some who share the sense of humiliation will yet believe that as a practical matter the Republican party will not be the only gainer. But it is more in the Southern tradition to feel with the Southern bishop who was quoted as saying on the day after election, "I was with General Lee at Appomattox, and I would rather have been with General Lee than with General Grant."

CHARLOTTE BRONTÉ AND HER SISTERS

By JULIEN GREEN

"If you think from this prelude that anything like a romance is preparing for you, reader, you never were more mistaken. Do you anticipate sentiment and poetry and reverie? Do you expect passion and stimulus and melodrama? Calm your expectations: reduce them to a lowly standard. Something real, cool and solid lies before you; something unromantic as Monday morning, when all who have work wake with the consciousness that they must rise and betake themselves thereto."

—"Shirley," Chap. 1.

HAWORTH, in Yorkshire, is a melancholy village in one of the dreariest provinces in England. Its low houses have that dumpy, sad, sullen look to be seen in the peasants of the region; and, massed about a little square-towered church on the top of a small hill, they give to this elevation the severe aspect of a fortress.

Patrick Brontë was thirty-three years of age when, in 1820, he was appointed rector at Haworth. He was an Irishman, tall, with regular features and something in his glance and his carriage which gave the impression of indomitable strength. His wife was small and delicate, but courageous; and she took up, without complaint, her abode at Haworth with her six children, the eldest seven years of age. A cruel malady was sapping her strength; she realized her condition and was resigned to death. Almost immediately after her arrival she was forced to take to her bed and she did not again leave her room in the course of the single year she lived.

A sister of Patrick Bronté, Miss Branwell, an energetic spinster full of prejudices, but good in spite of a certain harshness, assumed the responsibility of the five little girls and the little boy. She immediately took in hand the education of the little girls, and as, in her honest but limited mind, the chief object of life was sewing, she taught them to sew. Whenever he could, Patrick Bronté assigned lessons to his children and heard them recite, but the time was at hand when that method of instruction would soon become insufficient, and he began to wonder if it were not better to send the little girls to school.

It so happened that some clergymen had just founded in the neighborhood, at Cowan Bridge, a school to which ministers' daughters alone were admitted. This was exactly what Patrick Bronté wished, and he took his two eldest daughters to that providential school: Maria, who was eleven, and Elizabeth, who was ten. Two months later, he sent Charlotte and Emily, respectively eight and six. Branwell, the little boy, and Anne, the youngest, remained at home.

It would seem that one should be happy at Cowan Bridge, it is so agreeably situated near a pretty stream on the edge of vast meadows; but the little Brontés found only sadness, boredom, and illness.

Maria made the best of it in silence. Like all the members of her family she was endowed with unlimited power of resignation, and never did a complaint escape her lips; but she had an incurable disease. To add to her sufferings she was a prey to the malevolence of one of the teachers, who suspected her wrongly of affecting a mournful air to gain the compassion of her comrades. Maria died ten months after her arrival at Cowan Bridge and Elizabeth a few weeks later. Both sisters had succumbed to tuberculosis.

In spite of these warnings, an epidemic of malaria had to strike forty pupils at Cowan Bridge before Patrick Bronté

would consent to take his other two daughters from the school. Charlotte and Emily returned to Haworth towards the end of 1825.

They were two timid and studious little girls, happy only at home. Charlotte was the gayer and played and talked willingly when she felt at ease. Emily almost never spoke, but she had so attentive and serious an air that it was difficult to forget her presence. They found at home their brother Branwell, already admired for a very precocious artistic sense, and Anne, who, in her gentleness and her gravity, must have reminded them of the sister Maria whom they had lost.

Miss Branwell resumed their education at the point where she had left it and the three little girls began again to sew. They also read much with their brother and all four passed long hours in discussing the world in general and, in particular, politics, about which they questioned their father at length. Wellington was Charlotte's great hero. She spoke of him with all the vehemence of love, and the three little faces raised to hers would watch her fixedly and open-mouthed. Her activities did not stop there, however, and she wrote novel after novel, most often alone, sometimes with the help of her brother. One day she made a list of her works, adding proudly at the end: "This makes twenty-two volumes." Each book contained from sixty to a hundred pages. It was in 1830; she was not yet fourteen.

At the beginning of the next year, Patrick Brontë confided Charlotte to the care of Miss Wooler, who directed Roe Head School, about twenty leagues from Haworth. Charlotte was happy there; Miss Wooler took an interest in her from the first. In that small, ungraceful girl she divined an exceptional force of character and a way of thinking which was neither of her age nor of her sex.

Meanwhile Charlotte was growing up. She was small without appearing short. Heavy brown hair framed her face. A large nose and an irregular mouth made her al-

ready hopelessly ugly, but there was something in the glance of those brown eyes which gave the impression of a deep spiritual force.

When she returned to Haworth after a year and a half at Roe Head, it was above all to busy herself with the education of her sisters. She made them study their lessons in the morning but in the afternoon all three had to sew, for the years might pass but Miss Branwell's theories did not alter. The rest of the time they took walks in the country through the meadows of purple heather or else read Scott's novels and the magazines which they received weeks late.

They were very proud of Branwell, who seemed the best endowed of the whole family. He was well built and had a pleasing face in spite of hair which was inclined to be reddish. When he was eighteen there was a family council to decide upon his future. He talked and wrote well; he could also draw. His sisters urged him to choose an artistic career, for their ambition would have been to draw and paint if the genius had not been lacking. Not much insistence was necessary to make Branwell yield, for he was eager to have a reason to go to London. In July, 1835, he presented himself at the Royal Academy.

The same year Emily was sent to Roe Head School. Charlotte, who was nearly twenty, was now thinking about earning her living and also went to Roe Head, not as a pupil, but as a teacher. The profession did not please her but she had no choice; Patrick Brontë no longer earned enough to support his family. Anne remained at home.

For the first part of the time Charlotte was happy. Her life was monotonous and she was not fitted for her work, but she forced herself, with a Puritanical joy, to do her duty against her will. Her constitution was weak and her disposition became more and more melancholy. This girl, so brave and so firm on every other occasion, was afraid in a dark room. At night she imagined that she heard voices. She was afraid of death, such cruel and such frequent

images of which she had had at the rectory of Haworth. She no longer had any confidence in life and she had only to form a plan to be immediately doubtful of its success. This Protestant girl would have been very much surprised and irritated if she had been told that she resembled a Catholic nun, a prey to the acedia of the cloister; but it was true. At Roe Head, however, she was less disturbed because she was more occupied than at Haworth.

Emily, on the contrary, suffered from living away from home. She did not complain but she grew weaker from day to day, and they finally realized that they were shortening her life by keeping her at Roe Head. She returned home at the end of three months, ashamed, in spite of all her sisters' attempts to console her; and she began to work with all her strength.

Charlotte returned to Haworth to spend her Christmas vacation, eager to see her family again and also to discuss plans for the future with Emily. The two sisters waited for that until everyone was abed. Then they closed the parlor door and talked at length in low voices, walking up and down by the light of the fire and, when the fire went out, in the dark; they did not light the lamp for reasons of economy.

About this time a young clergyman of the neighborhood asked Charlotte's hand. You are acquainted with him if you have read "Jane Eyre" and if you remember Saint-John. The girl reflected and, with that seriousness which characterized her every action, she asked herself if she loved him to the point of dying for his sake. The answer was: no.

Marriage did not attract her. She loved hardly anything but work. She would have devoted herself entirely to writing and especially, if her eyes had permitted, to drawing; but sight was becoming weaker and weaker. In addition she was forced to earn her living, and the vacation she had fixed for herself was coming to an end. She decided to become a governess. It was the profession of poor young la-

dies at that time, a profession for which Charlotte had no vocation, for she did not like children; but her choice was limited.

Anne, who was just nineteen, resolved to do the same thing, although she was even less adapted to the life than her elder sister. She was very timid and spoke with difficulty. Nevertheless, nothing in the world would have prevented a Brontë from doing her duty, and she went to live with a family in the neighborhood. Emily took charge of the house and remained at Haworth with Branwell and her father.

Charlotte remained at home all the year 1840, busy especially in writing a story which she disowned afterwards in the preface to her first novel. At the beginning of 1841, she went as governess to the Whites, near York. She was happier there than she had been at the Sidgwicks, but there too, they made her do a great amount of dressmaking which tired her eyes. She suffered also much from not being able to live at Haworth; in no English heart had the word home more strength than in that of a Brontë.

She conceived the idea of founding a little school with her sisters and she wrote Miss Wooler of her plan. Miss Wooler offered to help her and they were ready to begin when Charlotte, who did not consider herself sufficiently educated, asked permission to pass at least six months on the Continent in order to perfect herself in French and the art of teaching.

It was agreed that Charlotte and Emily would go to Brussels, Miss Branwell loaning them her savings; and the Christmas vacation brought the whole family together before the departure. Anne was to take Emily's place at Haworth.

Upon their arrival in Brussels, in February, 1842, the two went to the boarding school of Mme. Héger, the address of which had been given them in England. The trip was a great event for young girls who had never left their

province and scarcely knew what a city was and everything new they saw impressed them. In Mme. and M. Héger they found good teachers. M. Héger did not recommend himself either by affable manners or by patience, but he was intelligent and good and he seemed to understand the girl he was teaching when he said one day of Emily: "She should have been a man, a great navigator."

Emily was the more difficult to know. If Charlotte was timid and could not speak without turning her head away, Emily opened her heart to no one and lived entirely within herself. She was not accustomed to the discipline she found in the boarding school but submitted to it without protest. Charlotte endured it in the same manner and she doubtless had to struggle with herself silently like her younger sister.

In September they were called back to England by the death of Miss Branwell and, after Christmas, Charlotte returned alone to Brussels. Anne had found a place as governess and Emily would, therefore, remain at home. This time Charlotte was not happy. She was given a class to teach but, being a Protestant, she was distrusted by students and teachers and no one came to talk to her. She tried to amuse herself by writing to her friends but she could not dissipate her melancholy. In her solitary walks she thought only of Haworth, of the future of her sisters, of her own so dreary life; for she was nearly twenty-nine and she was still planning instead of doing, as at the age of twenty.

A single event troubled her monotonous existence, a very small event, it is true, the symbolic importance of which must have escaped her. Towards the end of 1842, Queen Victoria came to Brussels to visit King Leopold. Charlotte saw her pass in the procession and she thought that there was not much dignity in this stout little woman who laughed and talked continually. Does not this scene assume a different aspect today? At that epoch England was already marked with the stamp of the Queen. There

was a certain manner of thinking and of living which one could call Victorian, a care for convention and morality which came from the Court and penetrated little by little among the people; but in the whole kingdom it would have been difficult to find a person more clearly cut on the Victorian pattern than that woman who, watching the procession, thought: "Really, our Queen lacks dignity."

In January, 1844, she returned to Haworth, with a knowledge of French and some experience in teaching. Her first care was to draw up with her sisters and send to families of the district a prospectus announcing the foundation of their school. It was to be in the rectory at Haworth but, before preparing the house, they awaited the answers. None came. What good, then, had been these trips to Belgium, these plans, these negotiations?

Weeks passed without bringing any change in the situation. Charlotte suffered more than Emily or Anne, for she was the eldest; and she kept repeating to herself: "I am thirty years old and I have done nothing." She wished to live and to do and instead it seemed necessary, as she said, to bury herself at Haworth.

Branwell had ended by obtaining a position as tutor in the Robinson family where Anne was a governess, but his conduct was becoming peculiar.

One day in the summer of 1845 Patrick Bronté received a letter from Mr. Robinson announcing Branwell's immediate dismissal. What had he done? The Brontés learned and in vain they tried to conceal their secret; modern curiosity has brought everything to light. Letters have been discovered, and a will. Violently in love with Mrs. Robinson, he had seduced this woman twenty years his senior. The intrigue was discovered and Branwell returned to Haworth.

Now he thought of one thing only: to forget (he had nevertheless kept Mrs. Robinson's letters and he was to read them on his deathbed), and to forget he began to drink. Then he succeeded in getting opium.

Life was becoming impossible at the rectory. The three sisters, downcast with shame, wrote their friends not to come to see them. They avoided going into their brother's room for they found him most often either drunk or stupefied, and they feared his violence. Alone Patrick Brontë talked to him without becoming moved at his morbid frenzy or his continual threats.

In this period of sadness, Charlotte made a discovery which moved her and gave her new hope. One day, in a book she was looking over, she came across sheets of manuscript containing verses. A wild melancholy breathed forth from these poems; their vigorous phrasing, their deep feeling, showed a powerful inspiration.

Charlotte had a moment of enthusiasm and then she began to reflect. Emily had written these poems, Emily with whom she had lived so long, who never spoke of herself. Nevertheless, Charlotte knew her; she knew that a powerful and passionate soul was hidden in the silent girl. She recalled certain scenes, certain things Emily had done, which betrayed the depths of her character. Keeper, Emily's big bulldog, was in the habit of sleeping on his mistress' bed and nothing could prevent him. He was a redoubtable dog that they did not care to beat, for he would not hesitate to leap at any one's throat and he was strong enough to strangle a man. One day Emily was told that he was again on her bed. She went up to her room and, dragging the furious and growling animal by the neck to the bottom of the staircase, she struck him repeatedly on the nose with her clenched fist until, bleeding and dazed, he fell back upon the floor. Then she lifted his head and began to bathe his wounds.

And little by little in Charlotte's mind the different aspects of her sister merged into one. She recognized in the poems this strange and almost superhuman force of character, a few instances of which she had seen. She succeeded in persuading Emily to publish the poems. She herself had

written some which could be added; and Anne, when she was told of the plan, produced in her turn some poems of her composition. They were more tender and calm than Emily's, but the hand which had traced them was firm and capable. The book was done; all that was necessary was to find pseudonyms, for the Brontés did not want anyone to know that they wrote; they had reasons for that. They decided to call themselves Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, thus keeping the initials of their real names; and they sent the manuscript to a publisher who agreed to publish it at their expense. In May, 1848, the book appeared without attracting attention; two copies were sold. But the first step had been taken.

At this moment the three sisters were writing their first novels. A morbid sadness inspired them, especially the two youngest, for they were without defense against the terrible impressions they received daily. Charlotte especially admired firmness in the face of misfortune; and she reacted. But open "Jane Eyre." Where can you see that its author once smiled while writing it, smiled with the joy of being alive and the joy of creating something? Imagine what the long autumn and winter nights must have been in the rectory of Haworth. When the three sisters had finished their sewing for the day, they took their escritoires to the parlor and each one accomplished the task she had fixed for herself; but in what anxiety and what tension of mind! Branwell slept in the room with his father and every night he threatened to kill him. What meaning, then, did the slightest unusual sound in the house and the steps they heard above their heads take for these young women; and what glances did they exchange when the furious voice of their brother resounded in the silence?

Nevertheless, they worked. Charlotte had finished her first novel, "The Professor," the theme of which had been suggested by her stay in Belgium, and she was working on

another, "Jane Eyre." She often spoke of this book to her sisters and discussed it with them, walking up and down the parlor. Emily thought she was wrong to make her heroine unattractive, but Charlotte had carefully considered her plan and she refused to change it. She first wrote rough drafts which she arranged before her on a little board and she studied them for a long time before beginning her page. She never erased a word; if an expression did not suit, the entire sentence was removed. Sometimes she would abandon her work for a time and only resume it when she felt again in the mood to write.

While she was finishing "Jane Eyre" the manuscript of "The Professor" kept traveling to London, invariably to return to Haworth; no one wanted it. That admirable book seemed dull to the publishers and, as a matter of fact, it is; but it is by reason of an art which is obstinately bent on sober truth and fears literary graces. Five times the brown-paper packages returned by mail to Currer Bell, Esq., who sent it then to a new address. In her ignorance of proper procedure, Charlotte contented herself with crossing out the name of the publisher who had sent it back, and wrote underneath the name of the one in whom she put her new hope. Each could thus see at a glance to whom the manuscript had been sent and what had been thought of it. It was not very clever but the ingenuousness is touching.

Emily and Anne had been more fortunate and their novels, "Wuthering Heights" and "Agnes Grey," had been accepted and were to appear in a single volume. Finally a publisher was found, Smith by name, who was willing to take "The Professor." He also published "Jane Eyre," which Charlotte had just finished.

At first "Jane Eyre" was little noticed, the critics putting no trust in an unknown author. However, the novel had such singular qualities and differed so much from what people were accustomed to read that it soon at-

tracted attention and two months after it appeared everybody was discussing it. People tried in vain to discover the author, and no one suspected it was not a man. Now the papers were full of praise. Charlotte's publisher sent to Haworth all the criticisms of "Jane Eyre"; almost all were favorable.

The novels of Emily and Anne appeared some time after "Jane Eyre" and had a favorable reception. A rumor circulated in London and became more and more credited that the same writer, the same man, was the author of the three novels. "Wuthering Heights" was seen as a first attempt, full of promise, of which "Jane Eyre" was in a way the accomplishment; and there is, in fact, in "Jane Eyre" more technical ability, more skill, than in the somewhat unpolished art of "Wuthering Heights"; but opinions have changed since then and many no longer hesitate to rank Emily's novel above that of her eldest sister. As for Anne's, it approaches Charlotte's style and way of thinking a little more, and the mistake is comprehensible as far as it is concerned.

One day when Smith, the publisher, saw two young women enter his office who were quite obviously from the provinces he was at a loss to know who they could be. Trembling with emotion, Charlotte handed him a letter and recognition followed; but the publisher was long in recovering from his surprise and he had difficulty in believing that the authors who were then exciting the most curiosity in England were these two Yorkshire women speaking hesitatingly with an Irish accent.

Branwell's death inaugurated a period of grief. Charlotte fell ill almost immediately but recovered at the end of a week. It was not the same with Emily; the young woman seemed greatly affected by her brother's death and failed rapidly. She did not complain of feeling ill and would not allow anyone to question her on the subject; but her breathing became difficult and she lost ground day

by day. A rapid change came over her whole person and she was suddenly white and thin, so that it seemed surprising that she was still alive. She had sharp pains in her side and chest, but she refused to be examined by doctors, medical poisoners, as she called them.

December 21 she rose and, without the help of anyone, dressed herself and began to sew. Her respiration was short and labored and her eyes were glassy; but she did not leave her work and a last hope came to agitate Charlotte and Anne. At noon she murmured:

"If you want to get a doctor, I will see him."

She died at two o'clock. They buried her beside her mother and her two sisters, Elizabeth and Maria.

Anne had been sick for some time. She complained of pains but she let herself be treated. All her life she had been timid and submissive to her eldest sister and although she was not far from twenty-nine years of age, something about her made one think of a little girl. They told her to go to bed; she did so. There was no care she did not accept, no piece of advice she did not follow. After Emily's obstinacy this touching docility must have consoled Charlotte a little in her anxiety.

Anne realized her condition and awaited death with resignation; but the winter passed and the disease seemed still the same. After consulting the doctors, they decided to go to Scarborough, a little beach in Yorkshire very much recommended for the qualities of its waters and the charm of its situation.

They arrived at Scarborough on September 25, 1849, in the company of Ellen Nussey. The 27th was a Sunday and Anne begged to be allowed to go to church; but she was too weak. The 28th she rose and dressed alone as Emily had done. Towards eleven o'clock she suddenly said that she felt a great change in herself and that she would not have much longer to live. She died quietly a short time after, exhorting her sister to be courageous. Charlotte decided to bury her at Scarborough.

Charlotte returned home a few days later. An awful silence reigned throughout the house. Patrick Brontë no longer left his library and Charlotte was alone, alone in the parlor where she used to talk with her sisters, alone in the chambers where all three had grown up. She tried to master her emotion, to accept her destiny without weakening, but suddenly she broke down; her will yielded before a grief which nothing could contain and she gave herself up entirely to her despair.

She regained control of herself rather quickly and resumed, as soon as she found the necessary strength, all her usual habits. She drew from a drawer the pages of a novel she had begun soon after the publication of "Jane Eyre" and resolved to continue and finish it; Emily was the central character. This book caused her more difficulty than "Jane Eyre," for now she had a reputation to uphold and there was no longer anyone to whom she could read her story and ask advice. When she had finished her daily task she would walk alone in the great deserted parlor, given up to the bitterness of her reflections.

In October, 1849, "Shirley" appeared. It was a sort of event in the literary world and the critics discussed it at length. In general they praised it and at first Charlotte thought herself rewarded for her efforts; but a deep mortification awaited her.

In November she was invited to pass some time in London with the Smiths, and this time she accepted. Her hosts took her on drives about the city. One morning they decided to start a little sooner than usual, but Charlotte asked permission to glance at the newspapers which had just arrived. They insisted on leaving at once. Charlotte was obstinate, suspecting that they were hiding the papers on purpose; and she asked for the Times. It had been mislaid. Then she understood and asked again for the paper. Mrs. Smith finally gave it to her.

The two women sat facing each other. Charlotte had

opened the paper and was holding it in front of her. Mrs. Smith pretended to be sewing but she watched her continually. Suddenly she saw tears falling on Charlotte's waist. The critic of the Times had not spared "Shirley."

"I like the truth," wrote Charlotte some years later, also in regard to an unfavorable criticism. "I do it honor, I kneel before it. If it strikes me, good! Tears come to my eyes; but courage! Here is the other cheek. Strike again, hard!"

The pain the article gave her must have been compensated to a certain degree by the success of her book among the Yorkshire people. They immediately recognized Haworth in the novel and, by dint of patience, they had finally discovered the real identity of Currer Bell. Some clergymen of the neighborhood frowned on reading "Shirley," for the rector's daughter had, with a peculiar energy, presented them in their true colors. She knew them well; they often came to see her father and she understood perfectly of what stuff they were made and how to paint them in a way to make them groan with shame.

The years passed slowly and, little by little, she resigned herself to her solitude. Another novel occupied her, but she wrote it without pleasure and wisely refused to promise it for a fixed date. Household duties took the rest of her time; everything in the rectory had to be in order and in a perfect state of neatness. Now that she had more money, she bought furniture and curtains. A large and handsome clock sounded in the deep silence of the house, and nothing was so pretty as the parlor papered in red; but it was empty. Upstairs, in the hall before Emily's door, an old blind dog slept every night and cried, in the morning, sniffing under the door; it was Keeper.

For some years a clergyman named Arthur Nicholls had been coming to the house. He was a reserved man and never spoke of literature, but Charlotte discovered his solid qualities. He was upright and good and she loved

him. Did he know it? One day in December, 1852, he visited Patrick Bronté. Charlotte, who was sewing in her room, heard the library door open and close and she thought he was leaving when she heard his steps on the stairs. He stopped before her door and knocked. She ran and opened it; he entered and stood motionless before her. A timid man in spite of his apparent firmness, he had not dared to ask Patrick Bronté, but he said what he had to say to Charlotte and she promised him an answer.

Patrick Bronté had a bitter and discouraging opinion of marriage and the esteem which he had for Nicholls could not make him change. He therefore refused his daughter permission to marry. Charlotte yielded; she had learned to wait and not to do violence to her destiny.

Some months before she was finishing her last novel, "Villette." Her father tried in vain to make her modify the dénouement, which he thought too melancholy; but Charlotte persisted, as she had before in her discussion with Emily about "Jane Eyre," and the character who was to drown found death in the Atlantic.

Everyone was of one voice in praising the book and acclaiming its author, and the success of "Jane Eyre" was nothing in comparison with that of "Villette." At present, Charlotte's literary ambitions were satisfied. She had placed the name of Bronté among the most famous of her time, and the whole country paid homage to her genius. But glory had no hold upon that soul and its proud humility; Charlotte Bronté remained the same and continued to watch through her glasses from afar a world from which she had almost retired.

Suddenly, at the moment when she least expected it, happiness entered her life. Her father had changed his mind and, after reflecting more than a year, he permitted the marriage of his daughter and the Reverend Mr. Nicholls. Charlotte's joy was inexpressible. She was married June 29, 1854.

A few months later she caught cold while walking in the country and had to take to her bed; her strength had been too often tried to resist longer and complications arose. One day, as she woke from a long sleep, she heard her husband murmuring prayers and she was seized with fear.

"Oh, I am not going to die, am I?" she asked. "It will not separate us, we have been so happy."

March 31, 1855, the door of the rectory opened a last time to let her pass. Her father survived her six years.

ELEPHANTS THROUGH THE COUNTRY

By MARY JOHNSTON

HIS perceptions were, in order: That it concerned him, that it concerned him vitally, that it involved his end of life which might, or might not, this time be avoided. These perceptions were so removed, they must cross so much of terrain to his bodily brain, that they succeeded only in alarming the latter and putting it on the alert with a painful and inexplicable interest. His brow wrinkled; his heart thumped, seemed to lose a beat, then resumed its march but more slowly and heavily; the unfolded county newspaper shook a little in his hands.

FORREST BROTHERS CIRCUS
THE OLDEST AND GREATEST
FIRST TIME OF SHOWING IN MOUNTAIN COUNTY
LOCKERBY THE TENTH OF AUGUST
THREE RINGS
ELEPHANTS. LIONS. TIGERS. LEOPARDS. ELEPHANTS
SHIVA THE BIG ELEPHANT
TREMENDOUS HORSEBACK RIDING. TRAPEZE THRILLERS
CLOWNS. TRAINED DOGS. KNIFE THROWERS. ACROBATS
ONE HUNDRED FIRST CLASS FEATURES
COME TO LOCKERBY AND BRING THE WOMEN-FOLK
AND CHILDREN
LOCKERBY AUGUST TENTH

Everybody who could get there would go to Lockerby, that was twenty-five miles from Last Creek and Last Mountain. He could get there. He had a horse and wagon and he had a Ford, and it was likely enough that his

mother and his sister would wish to go. Sometimes he went to Lockerby; once or twice, maybe, a year, when he had business. It was the only actual town and the county seat, and the real stores and the lawyers were there. A Show could only come there, nowhere else in Mountain County. He remembered Shows there. He had been just as eager to go as the other boys—or almost as eager. He didn't think. . . . He could remember. . . . After about seventeen, he thought, he had kind of lost his taste for them, and for crowds, and towns anyway. It had stayed lost. . . .

COME TO LOCKERBY AUGUST TENTH

No, he wasn't going to Lockerby, August tenth.

His sister came to the door behind him and stood there looking out. "What does the Herald say this week, Norman?"

"It says there's going to be good weather—only it don't know. Chickens air twenty-five cents apiece."

"There's thirty ready, and I've got twelve dozen eggs. When you going to Little Town? Ma wants you to take her hook rugs to Mr. Warner's."

"I aimed to go Friday."

Both returned to silence, she in the doorway, leaning against the jamb, looking out upon Last Mountain and Last Creek and the smoke tree and the tiger lilies in the door yard, and the ancient apple trees and the walnut tree; his long, gangling figure in butternut jeans seated on the porch steps under the gourd vine, the Lockerby Herald open in his hands. But presently she stepped across the porch and stood behind him, looking down upon the paper.

FORREST BROTHERS CIRCUS
THE OLDEST AND GREATEST
FIRST TIME OF SHOWING IN MOUNTAIN COUNTY
LOCKERBY THE TENTH OF AUGUST

"There's going to be a Show! Let's go, Norman!"

"You can if you want to. You and Ma. You can have the Ford. Charley will go with you."

"Why don't you go? I wouldn't be such a hermit as you for worlds! That's what Mr. Warner called you, but it's just a fine name for it! I call it plain lazy—or feared!"

"Feared! Feared of what?"

"Don't ask me! I know you'll fight when somebody's forced it on you for I've seen you do it. And you ain't scared of the dark or of speaking your mind in meeting, or of a gun and hunting. And you can break a colt. And you ain't feared of a kind of patient figuring a thing out, and I couldn't exactly say you were feared of work. Not of moderate work. No, I don't suppose you air afeared. But you certainly air a hermit!"

"I never could see the use of straying away from home where you've got your walls and your fire. It's *better* to stay at home except now and then, to see how things air going on."

"Well, *I'd* not live all my life between here and Little Town and back again! *I'd* go to Lockerby every month, and *I'd* go to the City on the train for the State Fair. I ain't you, thank the Lord! Neither is Ma."

"I never did know how I got into this family," said Norman.

There were many things he did not know—he did not know—he did not know. That afternoon he went down to the mill. The mill, a small one, belonged to his mother. She had leased it, when his father died, to Jerry Wilson, and it stayed leased. He, Norman Manners, though he was forty-two, had never wanted to take it over. . . . The lease paid them enough, with chickens and eggs and small fruits, to live upon. Miranda had never married, he had never married. At the mill Jerry and Charley and old Bob Watts were reading the Herald. "Going to be a Show at Lockerby August tenth, Norman. Ain't you going?"

"No. Charley, I thought I'd get you to take Ma and Miranda. You can have the Ford."

"All right, I will. But why don't you go yourself? You are getting to be the solitariest cuss!"

"It don't suit me to go. That's all. A man's got a right to his ways."

"Nobody on Last Mountain ever disputed that! That's why we like it," said old Bob Watts. "I've always said and maintained that you've a right to look and go about as though you'd kind of taken refuge here, but wasn't quite certain how good the hiding was! Of course we know that isn't the case, because you were born and grew up right here, and you've always been straight as this stick, though curious."

" 'Hiding'!" said Norman. "Of all the ridiculous words!"

That evening, after supper, when the two women had read and vividly discussed every item in the Herald, he gathered the paper to himself and carried it with him when he went to bed. He slept in the small, sloping-roofed room that had been his when he was a boy. The Manners weren't changing folk. There was the narrow bed, and a table and a bureau and a washstand and a chair. When he set the lamp upon the table the shadows sprang and stood and leaned. He lifted the window sash and propped it with the stick. Now you heard Last Creek and the endless murmur of the climbing woods, and insect life in the dry, warm summer. Moths began to fly into the lamp. He shut the window and undressed. The Lockerby Herald lay open upon the table.

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LOCKERBY AUGUST THE TENTH

Standing with his hands upon the table he read it over again and with the same wrinkled brow and interest that hurt. The name of what he felt was anxiety, fear of bodily harm and death. But why he should feel that, he could not tell, nor what threatened him, nor what he could or should do about it. The one thing that rose out of a sense of mist about him, or rather of a cold and wide void, was that he wasn't going to Lockerby. So long as he didn't do that—He put out the light, opened the window again, and got into bed.

The next morning, as he dressed, his attention quite suddenly focussed upon the word "elephants."

At breakfast, as he drank his scalding coffee, the women were again upon the price of chickens and the bundle of hook rugs. "Ma," he said, as she stood beside him, helping him to batter bread, "you never got a scare, did you, before I was born, from elephants?"

"My land, Norman!" She put down the dish and moved back from him a step or two. "Well, of all and of all! No! I didn't have a scare of any kind. I ain't one of your scary ones." She stopped speaking, but stood looking at him still without moving to take up the dish. "For the Lord's sake! What ever put such a question into your head?"

"I don't know."

"I believe you! What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing's the matter with me. How many hook rugs have you got?"—though he knew how many she had.

On the road to Little Town with Whitefoot in the light wagon he thought for some time that he had escaped from that inexplicable, towering shadow and world of deep care. "I've got nothing against elephants, and elephants have nothing against me!" It was a bright high summer day,

with stirring air and shimmering leaves. He felt idle and happy, and this lasted to the top of Middle Ridge.

From Middle Ridge, to either hand, spread a panorama of forest and mountain, continuous forest, and mountains in chains or broken into solitary and imposing masses. He checked Whitefoot; he always did so, just here. Below him, at no distance, lay Little Town, a mere hamlet, and small up-and-down farms and mountain clearings. Ahead rose Eagle Mountain and Hawk Mountain. Catamount River, a sunken streak of silver, divided the two. . . . There was the new bridge and the new county road. He had voted against that; roads enough already. . . . Scattered farms and solitary houses, or two or three in a group, but very scattered; so sparsely settled, so backwoods and frontier-seeming still was Mountain County, that had no railroad after you left Lockerby until you came to Caerleon in the next county. . . . Before him, beyond forested waves of earth, through a great notch in the mountains, the mind perceived Caerleon that was twenty miles from Last Creek and almost double that from Lockerby. He turned in his seat and looked toward Lockerby, invisible under the climbing sun. All these mountains and Last Mountain. He was looking back now at Last Mountain. It had vast bulk, a long, high mountain. It stood like a wall between him and Lockerby, between Last Creek and the mill and his mother's house and Lockerby. . . .

He perceived that that feeling was back upon him. "What is the matter with me, in God's name? I reckon I'd better stop and see Dr. West."

When the chickens and the eggs had been left at the general store in Little Town he stopped the wagon before the physician's house, climbed out and found the doctor hoeing corn. "Good morning, Norman! What's wrong with *you*? —Come to the well. I'm thirsty."

Each drank out of the dark, old brimming bucket, then sat down upon the curb. "I was bringing some chickens and

eggs and Ma's hook rugs, and I thought I'd just stop. Doctor, what does it mean when a man's plain afeard for his life and all because of nothing at all?"

"What do you mean by 'nothing at all'?"

"I can't get a clear picture of it at all. I first noticed it day before yesterday when I was sitting reading about the Show at Lockerby August the tenth. But I ain't going, so how could it be that? Then yesterday morning I had an awful feeling growing up around the word 'elephants.' But that's just as foolish! The Show's got elephants, but it's just at Lockerby one day and I ain't going."

"Let me see your tongue. —Now your wrist.—Now I'm going to listen to your heart and then I'll ask you some questions. . . . I'll give you a fair bill of health. Not that you ever were, Norman, a monster of strength!"

"No, I know that, doctor."

"It's your mind just now. Some notion or other came drifting through and you let it get caught on some snag or other that's itself in its turn just a hardened notion, and now there they both are interfering with the natural quick run of things, hooking other notions to them and setting up a kind of dam and swirl and backwater. . . . Best way to break it up is to keep active and think of other things. There isn't any *reality* in it, you know. If I were you, I'd go to that Show at Lockerby."

"No!"

The country doctor looked at him with interest. "Well, it wasn't a death warrant I was offering you! If you've got that much energy I'd certainly turn it to some account! I'd go and face my notion down. . . . Well, goodbye, Norman."

The principal family in this part of the county had an old brick house a mile from Little Town. Here he left the hook rugs. "Mrs. Warner, I'd like to speak to Mr. Warner." Mr. Warner was a bookworm and was found among his books. "Good morning, Norman!" — "Morning, Mr.

Warner."—"What can I do for you?"—"I thought maybe, sir, you had a book about elephants you'd be willing to lend me for a while?" There lay the Herald on a chair in the window. "Why yes, Norman, I'll be glad to. Going to the Show at Lockerby?"

"No, I'm not. But I've got a notion I'd like to know more'n I do about some things."

"That's always a laudable notion," said Mr. Warner, and stood upon a box to take down a big book and a little book.

Re-crossing Middle Ridge he reached the top not far from sunset, which meant that he would be home at dark. Again Whitefoot stood still. The big view rolled and spread. Sitting with the reins loosed in his hands, with his head sunken between his shoulders, he regarded in the afternoon Last Mountain and Lockerby that it hid, as in the morning he had faced Eagle and Hawk Mountains and Caerleon. Last Mountain—there was a big one!

FORREST BROTHERS CIRCUS

The words formed for him, gigantic, in the pale blue heavens and the gulf of air. Each letter stood lofty, out there and in himself.

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SHIVA THE BIG ELEPHANT

The line that he had reached rushed at him with the force of a bullet, passed through him, was gone and yet stayed.

SHIVA THE BIG ELEPHANT

"That's it," he said, "that's it," but a moment later did not know why he had been able to say, "That's it."

It was full dark when he got home. After supper and all the women's questions he mounted heavily to his room, lighted the lamp and when the moths began to fly against it shut the window. He undressed, and in his long, country nightshirt sat beside the table and read in Mr. Warner's books. Elephants. There was a deal about them. They seemed to have quite a history . . . old countries . . . hot old countries, cities and towers, swarming men. . . .

SHIVA THE BIG ELEPHANT
LOCKERBY THE TENTH OF AUGUST

When he went to bed at last it was not to sleep. *Lockerby—Lockerby—Lockerby. The tenth will come and the tenth will go. It will go and the show will go. The show will go on the train from Lockerby to Wrightsville. There's a show train. It has to have a railroad track. The show will go on and Old Danger will pass.*

LOCKERBY THE TENTH OF AUGUST
SHIVA THE BIG ELEPHANT

The moon looked in—the moon looked in between the branches and showed his hiding-place. . . .

Four or five days passed. Forrest Brothers must cast their net over the whole of Mountain County. Pictures of the Hundred First Class Features appeared not only at Lockerby, plastered over convenient and purchasable walls, but at Little Town and Cross Roads and elsewhere. Barbaric and gorgeous pictures. The remote neighbourhoods, the folded away in creases of great mountains, the much out of hearing of the shriek of any locomotive, the served by narrow and faint roads, yet stared at these pictures.

COME TO LOCKERBY THE TENTH OF AUGUST

"Air ye going, Norman Manners?"
"No!"
"I'd like mighty well to see that elephant!"

"Would you? Well, I—"

They stood and stared.

SHIVA THE BIG ELEPHANT

Norman jogged on past the barn adorned; then, having looked back to make sure that Dan Ellis had taken his own road and was hidden by the oak scrub, turned Whitefoot and came back to the apparition.

SHIVA THE BIG ELEPHANT

He talked to himself with dry lips. "They've pictured you in a spirited way. But you air just paper and colours. You can't do anything. You air in a Show, and the Show's on a railroad and has got to stick to it. You air a big slave in a Show. And the Show's going to be in Lockerby just one day and I ain't going there. I don't even have to bother about making certain nobody's going to pick me up and *take* me there. I *know* I'm not going. Then why can't I rest?"

A small boy advanced to the barn. "O my stars!" He stood absorbed, his legs wide, his touzled head flung back. Norman said, "Air you going to Lockerby, Jim Bee?"

"I ain't got the money."

They continued to look at the flaming picture. "You're so little, you can tuck in the Ford with Ma and Miranda and Charley if you want to. It's a pity," said Norman, "that anybody that wants to go can't go. I'll give you a dollar."

"You've always been good to me, Mr. Manners!" said Jim Bee. "And I thanks ye kindly! I'll ask Maum, and I'll take the dollar anyway. You know about part of the Show coming over Last Mountain to Caerleon?"

Norman sat quite still upon Whitefoot while his heart made four heavy beats. Then he said thickly. "What you talking about?" As he spoke he dismounted and leaned against the horse's neck. It seemed to him that Cross Roads and the world were falling from beneath his feet. "What you saying? You're fooling me, Jim Bee!"

"It's in this week's Herald. I been to the postoffice. They was reading it."

"Reading what?"

"The Advertisement. It says, Forrest Brothers going to do what's never been done in Mountain County. It's going to show at Caerleon. Not all the Show, it says, but some of it. What they can bring over Last Mountain. It says they can bring elephants." Jim Bee's eyes shone and he wheeled like a top. "They're going to bring elephants through the country. Over Last Mountain, walking along! This one walking along. Over Last Mountain. After the Show's over at Lockerby, they'll travel that night and in the morning they'll come over Last Mountain. He'll come! This one!"

Norman got back to Last Creek. "Has the Herald come?" Yes, it had. He spread it over his knees, sitting hunched on the step under the gourd vine. There it was. Garrett the Editor had something to say about it—a whole editorial. He read that; then opened upon the old advertisement.

FORREST BROTHERS CIRCUS . . .
LOCKERBY AUGUST THE TENTH

But now below this ran another line.

CAERLEON AUGUST THE TWELFTH

The paper crackled dryly under his hands. His sister came out upon the porch and was excited about the Show. "Ma and I'll see it at Lockerby, and then we'll see the part of it that's going by to Caerleon. My land! Over Last Mountain. They gold-scrolled wagons and they white horses and they men and women dressed like fairies and they elephants!"

The night fell hot. He walked up and down in his room. He opened Mr. Warner's two books, and stood looking down at the print and at wood cuts, then closed them and

stood at the window. The moths streamed in, and the sound of Last Creek, and the hoot of an owl. "A week. . . . Then he'll be at Lockerby and then he'll be at Caerleon, and then he'll be gone. But in between Lockerby and Caerleon he'll cross Last Mountain."

Last Mountain showed its bulk against the stars. "Who would have thought it? As Garrett says. . . ."

The next day he told his mother, "Ma, I think I'll go to Old Church, to Tom Manners for a spell. I think I'll go next week and stay to the middle of the month. I think it'll do me good. I ain't well."

"No, you ain't, Norman."

"They say that iron spring of his does folk a power of good. . . . I'm just plain tired of this part of the country and of Last Mountain."

"Yes, I'd go. Change is good for folks, and you ain't never took much of it, Norman."

"I'll go next week."

"You can't go till Miranda and Charley and me are back from Lockerby. I ain't going to leave the house by itself."

It had been in his mind to go the eighth. But of course if he left by dawn of the eleventh that would be time enough. He'd take the old saddle-bags and ride Whitefoot. Old Church and Tom Manners abode at right angles from Last Mountain and the road to Caerleon—a long way at right angles. But even while he thought this he saw that it wasn't enough and that something would happen. Old Church and Tom Manners were flimsy things. . . .

The next day he rode to Little Town, again over Middle Ridge. Mr. Robertson the lawyer had a little white law office in a grove of pine trees. "Hello, Norman Manners! What can I do for you?"

Norman sat down, planting long, slender feet on the bare floor and resting long slender hands upon his bony knees. "Mr. Robertson, I desire to know. Ain't there an injunction or something can be got out to keep Show People

to the railroad track? What right have they got to come *through* country, bringing their wagons and their beasts over our roads that weren't made for such? Bringing them through our streams and by our houses. Over Last Mountain and across Last Creek. I say they ain't got any right, and there ought to be a way to stop them!"

Mr. Robertson stared. "Well, you're a curiosity! Suppose, Norman, you get up a mass meeting of indignation! Speeches on the subject from men, women and children, not to mention rag, tag, and bobtail, between Cross Roads and Caerleon! Of course you are voicing general opinion?"

"I don't care if I'm not! It'd be their opinion if they had any idea about things!"

"They say that the crazy cannot detect satire. So I don't suppose you're crazy. But again they're said to be blind to a joke. So it may be that I am crazy."

"Joking!" said Norman. "I am not joking. And as for your being satiric, I reckon it's the ignorant that are satiric."

"Your mind went up then several pegs," said Mr. Robertson. "I recognize and respect the truth that you utter. But all the same I am afraid that you would make yourself unpopular with the course that you suggest. There are, you know, popular impossibilities and unpopular impossibilities. Don't choose the last if you can avoid it."

"Then it ain't possible to enjoin them?"

"No, it ain't. And why in thunder," asked the lawyer, "do you want to? Is entertainment too frequent on Last Mountain and Last Creek? Think of them on the mountain, plastered against the sky, and rejoice, man, rejoice!"

Re-crossing Middle Ridge he checked Whitefoot at the old place.

FORREST BROTHERS CIRCUS
THE OLDEST AND GREATEST

Last Mountain stood before him. "I don't rejoice, but I got to see it!"

He felt compulsion, though he didn't understand that either. "I don't reckon I'm going to Tom Manners. . . ."

In and out of season he began now inwardly to behold that procession diverging from Lockerby through the country to Caerleon. The Herald had more than two or three items about it. The mass of the show was going on the railroad, on its own train, to Wrightsville. It was not reasonable to expect the mass to show in Caerleon, or to cross Mountain County to do so. From Caerleon what did cross would have to rejoin at Wrightsville, where Forrest Brothers meant to rest a bit. They wouldn't for instance bring the lions and tigers over the mountain. The elephants could come afoot: perhaps not all of their elephants, for they had a lot of them. Horses, too—and the men and women who, all spangled, would ride them. Certainly some of the gilded wagons, and a part of the band, and acrobats and trapeze performers and knife throwers and clowns. . . . All of these coming over Last Mountain. . . . The road was in better condition this summer than ever before. . . . It couldn't well have happened before.

ELEPHANTS THROUGH THE COUNTRY

It was Garrett whom that sound and picture and earth-shaking tread fascinated. Over Last Mountain, into Last Creek country—Elephants. It pleased Garrett to take a saunter through geological time. It pleased him to paint them returning.

SHIVA THE BIG ELEPHANT

Garrett, apparently, did not think any more of him than of the others. It was just elephants that made the magic for him. He had no personal stake. . . .

In season and out of season, Norman now beheld the show winding through the country. But it was not blind; it had an eye in the face.

August was here, the first week dropping away.

The preacher, Brother Abraham Wills, riding his round, came to supper and to spend the night with the Manners. The women welcomed him gladly; Norman put up his lean old horse and conducted him to the spare room. The preacher splashed the water into the basin. "That feels good! It's hot weather. I missed you, Norman, at Mount Moriah last Sabbath."

"Brother Wills, I'd like to have a word with you after supper."

"Surely!"

Downstairs, Norman being out of hearing, he said to Mrs. Manners. "Norman's got a kind of haunted look. What's the matter with him?"

She spread her hands. "I'm glad you've come, Brother Wills! Maybe you can kind of straighten him out! It seems to Miranda and me that he's going crazy about elephants. He's got books about them. He'll set and tell you about their ways, and how in them hot countries sometimes love grows up between them and men and sometimes hate. It's that Show at Lockerby that's put them in his head!"

"He missed Church last Sabbath," said Brother Wills austerely. "When a man begins to do that—This Show's a godless thing."

Last Creek was known for its good meals. For supper there were fried chicken and potatoes, light biscuit and honey and scalding coffee. Brother Wills did full justice to all. When it was over and the two women were cleaning up he and Norman walked to the barn and then on to the stile. The west hung purple and red; a species of amber light bathed the top of the opposite wall that was Last Mountain. It was warm and still, the katydids and whip-poorwills vieing, and Last Creek forever talking.

"What's the matter with you, Norman?"

"I don't know . . . Brother Wills, I feel all the time an awful sense of danger. . . an awful sense of danger, and deeps and deeps behind me, and yet I don't

know anything about the one or the other of them. I don't know how I am connected with them if I could remember, but I can't! Something came into my mind, but it ain't enough. . . . Now it wasn't sufficient to be at Lockerby, but he's coming over Last Mountain . . . I could escape if I knew how. There must be a way to escape. I've tried before but I never could. I thought for a moment that maybe you knew, but I see now you don't. . . . There's Old Danger treading toward me! the same Old Danger!"

"Don't shout! Air you going crazy?"

The two lank mountain men loomed in the dusk. The preacher seized the other and shook him. "Come to yourself, man, come to yourself! That's a sense of sin that's seized you, sudden and terrible! That's your life you're seeing and all your ways of wickedness! Let's kneel right down here and pray!"

Again at the house, the dusk having closed in and a great moon rising, they prayed again, the two men and the two women. Brother Abraham Wills read from the Family Bible, and then he wrestled long and fervently in prayer. *Lead us not into temptation. Deliver us from evil.* At intervals the women said, Amen! Amen! At last they all rose from their knees and returned to their chairs and Miranda, who had a sweet voice, raised a hymn. Then they went to bed; and in the morning Brother Abraham Wills rode on to Gurney's over the shoulder of Last Mountain. His final words to Mrs. Manners and Miranda were, "You get him to come to church Sunday—and I'm not of the mind that I'd encourage him to go to Tom Manners. He's a born scoffer, Tom Manners!"

It left the women unsettled again. "I reckon maybe we'd better not go to Lockerby after all. We'd better stay here and make him stay. I've always heard if you give in to fancies it's the worse thing for them."

Fifty small things arose to keep him from going to Tom

Manners. But they weren't needed; he wasn't going anyway. Suddenly he saw that Last Mountain had turned into a magnet and was keeping him by its side.

At the mill, too, the men gloated over the coming show. They had already passed Lockerby in their minds, and were on the road to Caerleon. They were on Last Mountain. . . . His mother and Miranda used to come to the door and look at the bulk in the light and say, "My sakes! to think of the show coming along the top yonder!" They seemed to have been doing it for years. Time seemed as long as that, and yet night and day shifted like the spokes in a fan when you opened and shut it.

He returned to the barn at Cross Roads and looked on the picture there. Yes, that was him, that was the eye in the face.

He saw him now all the time, coming, coming. . . .

"Yet what does it mean to me? I don't have to go up on Last Mountain any more than I have to go to Lockerby. He isn't going to drop in for supper!"

At the mill old Bob Watts said that the whole neighborhood, he reckoned, would find business that day on Last. "I won't," said Norman. "I'll keep the mill for you, so all of you can go."

"That's kind."

"You mean you ain't going even to squat by the roadside and watch them go by, over Last to Caerleon? My Lord! To be just quietly and soberly crossing Last for the five hundredth time, going along lonely on a lonely mountain road, where maybe from time to time you may have seen a wild turkey or a fox or a deer, or even, for something to talk about, a bear, not to speak of snakes and rabbits, just to be riding or walking, thinking, or just going without thinking, climbing and climbing that on a hot day or a cold day never seems to end, or going along the long top that shows you the world with a few buzzards or hawks or just maybe an eagle, or beginning to drop down

and drop down, loose and easy . . . to be just going along, dreaming maybe, and everything just as it was for ever, and there, turning a big rock, coming up the road to you, an elephant. . . . You not knowing anything about it. . . . . My Lord, you'd get a shudder up your spine! . . ." So old Bob Watts.

Norman looked at him desolately, then walked away softly over the black earth. Said Jerry, "If he isn't the queerest cuss!"

The tenth of August came wheeling up, seconds, minutes, hours, the total day. His mother and Miranda went to Lockerby with Charley in the Ford. He made them go; he wanted the place to himself. They weren't difficult to compel or persuade. Old Bob Watts stayed at the mill. A long, still solitude of a day, the heart of Mountain County departed for Lockerby.

FORREST BROTHERS CIRCUS . . .
THREE RINGS . . .
ONE HUNDRED FIRST CLASS FEATURES

He spread upon the porch floor the several Heralds and from the step under the gourd vine studied them.

SHIVA THE BIG ELEPHANT

"Nothing else matters," he said.

The gourds and the gourd leaves made strange shadows about and over the spread papers. It was hot and dry and still, the air a blue haze. He looked up and saw Last Mountain. Something came to him out of the Bible. First and last, he had been taught a good deal out of the Bible. "I see men as trees walking."

In the evening the Ford came back with the three. They had had a full, magnificent day. Everybody was at Lockerby that could get there; they had met friends and kindred whom they had not met for a year. As for the show, the papers and the pictures had not lied. Mountain

County had never seen a show like that before. The Three Rings and the Hundred Features were there. Miranda had liked one thing best, her mother another, Charley a third.

"Did you see the elephants?"

They described them, especially the big one. They had forgotten his strange scunner at them and their coming through the country. They were still excited and tired as well, and as soon as supper was over and they could make the house straight they went to bed. They wanted to know if anything had happened in their absence. "No. Nothing you could count as happening," said Norman. "Of course a lot is happening all the time that we take no note of."

His mother paused in her aimless wandering up and down in the room. "Ain't you going tomorrow to Tom Manners? Maybe you'd better—"

"No, I ain't going. It can't get itself done."

"Everybody on Last Creek almost is going to line up on the Caerleon road. Miranda and me thought we'd get the work done early and go with Charley to Covered Bridge. They say they won't be hereabouts before ten o'clock."

"Do what you please, Ma."

"Why don't you come along?"

"If I go I'll go by myself. But I ain't going. I ain't going near the Caerleon road or Last Mountain."

Miranda shut the front door and took up a candle. "Well, all I can say is if I was as interested as you are in elephants I'd go see them!"

When he knew that the women were asleep he took his shoes in his hand and stole down stairs and out of the house. He stepped into starshine and the sound of Last Creek. Stooping he put on his shoes, then crossed the dry grass to the gate and the road that carried you two miles into the Last Mountain road that was the road to Caerleon. "Roads now," he thought. "There's a saying that I've

heard Mr. Warner say. 'All roads lead to Rome'—or to the place you've got to go to. All roads lead to the place you've got to reach." His brain felt very clear. "Something happened to me once and has kept on happening. It isn't impossible that it would stop. But I don't know how to make it possible. Maybe it'll happen now or maybe it won't happen, and I don't know which."

The word "placate" formed before him. " 'Placate'—that means to make at peace with you. If I could placate him."

He wandered about through the dry, warm, star-lighted night. His feet knew the old paths. Sometimes he sat down or lay upon the earth. Placate—placate—placate—placate—placate. . . . It formed itself into a deliberate and ponderous tread . . . out of the big tent now, red, and on the road. . . .

When the coldest light was in the east he went back to the house. The others, too, were stirring early. Miranda, coming out upon the porch in the full sunrise, exclaimed. "You've saddled Whitefoot! You're going then up the mountain?"

"I don't know where I am going. I just thought I would ride."

"I guess you will see it," said Miranda. "You won't be able to help it."

"Maybe not."

To himself he said, "She spoke a true word then. I know about a candle and I know about a magnet and I know about a will."

They ate their breakfast and left the table. He put some matters from the store-room into a small bag. "Air you going to be away all day?"

"I may be. Yes, all day."

In himself again he said, "You are telling the truth there. A long day. Yet it is possible. He might be placated. If you knew the secret, and didn't indulge forever in mere fooleries."

Who was talking he hardly knew. He was at a moment similar to that moment two weeks ago when he first unfolded the Herald upon that Advertisement. There was perception, but so removed, so faint, so nerveless and supine in the thick brain. . . . It died again. He drew a long sigh and shook his head and went out and got upon Whitefoot and rode away.

He passed the mill. "Where are you going, Norman? You going away from Last Mountain?"

"No, I don't suppose I am. I'm just riding round and round."

An hour later, having gone aimlessly for a while at a tangent from the mountain, he turned Whitefoot and they retraced their way. At the foot of Last he met Jim Bee. "Where are you going, Jim Bee?"

"I'm going to Top Rock. You kin see them coming, three turns below you."

"It's a long climb up Last. Get up behind me."

"I sure will, and thank ye!"

Jim Bee sat behind him on Whitefoot, and they began to climb Last Mountain. "Folks ain't settling so thick on the mountain side as they are by the Creek. There's a few I hear say they are coming up so's they can get a good look down on the roads as well as when they tramps right by. But most is gathering by Covered Bridge."

No, they were not settling thick, for it was not a populous region. Norman and Jim Bee were not overtaken, nor did they overtake any, but from way up Last, looking back, they made out folk on the road. By now they could view Last Creek that in size was like a small river, and Covered Bridge, and the region people gathering on either side the creek. Norman could see the mill and his mother's house. One by one came into sight Middle Ridge and Mount Moriah Church and Little Town. The sun was well up and strong, a light haze over everything, the day promising heat and drouth. The extent of country seen

increased. Whitefoot's hoof struck musically enough the stones in the road. The road had been widened this year and worked. Forrest Brothers must have been apprised of that, else they never could have granted the feasibility of crossing this way to Caerleon. Jim Bee had the talking chiefly to himself, though now and then Norman spoke. Last was a big mountain. The road looped and looped, now through ancient timber, now through second-growth, burned-over tracts and scrub. The view widened. The face of Last became cliffy; on the one side of the road, gray, wild and broken masses running up to the top and the August heaven; on the other, rock still, plunging downward into ravines and rolling forest. Whitefoot plodded on. As the road wound and climbed, it was four good miles from Last Creek to the narrow and long plateau that formed the crest of Last Mountain. "They must be over First Mountain by now," said Jim Bee. "It's a little mountain, ain't it? set by Last Mountain. . . . They say a man's going ahead on horseback to tell everybody so that the roads will be clear and horses and such won't get scared. My fathers! to think of they big things in Mountain County!"

They climbed. "I reckon there's a hundred people down by Covered Bridge. More'n a hundred. And there's some folk on the road below us. And there's Top Rock away up yon."

When they got to Top Rock, that was a vast boulder poised above the road, the latter being visible from it in a great double S, up and down. On the far side of the way occurred a downward plunge of sheer cliff and broken cliff, going a hundred feet down into a deep ravine with sides of oak and pine. From Top Rock on every hand spread Mountain County. They lowered themselves from Whitefoot and took him into the scrub behind the boulder and fastened him there securely. "Horses is sure tarrified at them!" said Jim Bee. "I was most tarrified myself, over yon at Lockerby! That big one—"

They swarmed up the boulder that was as big as a small house and standing on the roof looked down upon the road up Last. The morning was now advanced and the sun grown hot. Below them came toiling up three men afoot. "That's Luke and Rob Corbin and Dave Smith," said Jim Bee. "I reckon there ain't any more but just us now."

The three joined them. "Well, I vow and declare, Norman Manners, after all your saying you wasn't coming!"

"Couldn't resist it, could ye, Norman?"

"Whew, it's hot! You might think it was the tropics!"

They sat, swinging their legs, upon a jut of the boulder.

"This is the place; there ain't any doubt about that!"

At the foot of the mountain, approaching Covered Bridge, so far away that they seemed puppets, marionettes, too small for state or significance, could now be made out those parts of the great show that Forrest Brothers had elected to send through the country to Caerleon. It was no great procession, but it included painted and gilded wagons and in one of them musicians with horns and drums, and there were show horses, and bedecked men and women, acrobats and riders and trapeze specialists and clowns, and there were zebras and several camels and three elephants. "Yon they are! Yon's the elephants!" It drew from out the woods upon the visible road, there by Covered Bridge, so very much below Top Rock. The imagination caught faint, thin cheering.

All passed into Covered Bridge and all emerged upon the hither side, and all drew into the thick wood on the lower slopes of Last and vanished. "They've seen it!" crowed Jim Bee. "But we're going to see it two-three times, and then right by us!"

Dave Smith grumbled. "Thar ain't much of it, and they weren't so big."

"You jist wait till they come nearer! You jist wait till that one's *thar!*"

In twenty minutes they saw it on the Old Cabin slope—

just caught glints of it where the road intermittently showed. then it was gone again and Dave Smith said he was going to sleep, and to call him when it got to the Cold Spring turn. They called him, and he said it was getting larger, wasn't it? and it was a sight now, wasn't it?

Then again it was gone, as though it had gone into the mountain.

"Norman, you got book-learning. Tell us about they things!"

"I haven't got any book-learning. I haven't any learning at all."

"Well, it'll be a good long time before they get here now. Call me, boys, and don't you forget it!"

The boulder reared itself part in sun, part in shadow. Dave Smith and the Corbins sprawled upon the shaded surface. There was a great view, with blue sky and small clouds gathering and parting. Norman did not sprawl with the others but sat with his long, gangling figure drawn together, the old saddle bag beside him, and his eyes upon the road and upon the drop of cliff and the tree tops far below in the ravine. Down there, though hidden, brawled a stream. He heard it faintly, and it brought to him the night sounds from his window at home, when the lamp was lighted and the moths came to it. Jim Bee was as active as a cricket and did his own exploring. Presently Rob Corbin began to sing in a tuneful and powerful voice,

"Fire in the mountain!
Run, boy, run!"

When he had ended that one he tried another Mountain County song, and then another. Dave Smith sat up. "Thar they come! I dreamt it so I know 'tis so!"

"There's the man that rides ahead!"

A man on a black horse, a man dressed like a cowboy, appeared below the boulder. "Hey, you! Have you horses and are they well tied?"

"Only one. He's fast tied, ain't he, Norman?"

"Yes, he's fast tied."

"Because elephants don't go through the country every day! And this morning the big one has got some bee in his bonnet. . . ."

He rode on, upward to the plateau that was the top of Last Mountain. Behind him stretched empty road, a little unstable to the eye in the August heat. Item by item, this became filled with the show that was going to Caerleon. Item by item, it arrived before and passed Top Rock. Last of all came the elephants, the lesser ones first, and then, the big one.

"Ooooh! Look at the big one!"

Jim Bee was the only one who noticed Norman leave Top Rock. "Where you going?" he cried after him. But Norman only shook his head and with the old saddle-bag scrambled down to the road. . . . The deliberate and ponderous tread. The deliberate and ponderous tread. Placate—placate—placate—placate. . . .

The elephant tenders shouted to him. "Don't get in the way there!"

But he took brown maple sugar and yellow apples from the saddle-bag, and came out upon the road. The elephant turned a vast head and saw him. Into each of the small eyes leaped a red spark. The showmen shouted. "You fool there! get out of the road! Don't you see he's wicked today?" The Corbins and Dave Smith and Jim Bee shouted from the safety of the boulder, "Come back here, Norman! Come back here!"

But Norman with widened and glazed eyes stepped farther into the road and held out the sweet stuff and the fruit. . . . But though he had the word he did not have the thing. He did not know how to placate. . . . The great beast, as though he had expected the incident, lifted his trunk and seizing Norman swung him aloft and out and amid objurgations and shouts of horror tossed him over the cliff a hundred feet into the depth of the ravine.

POETRY

PAUSE ON THE LONG ROAD

PEACE and I sat once alone, quietly, under the eaves,
Seeing the spider work, and the rain come down;
Marking the dust on the sill, watching the drift of leaves
Shingle with ochre and red the wet brick walks of the town.

And it is most strange that here, after the tempest and crying,
Where I am, far on the long road, when footfalls cease,
I should know, be sure, become utterly certain beyond all denying
How in that very place await weaver, and web, and my peace.

FRANCIS CLAIBORNE MASON

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

I HAVE lived long,
Longer by far than once my heart desired;
Have seen the race not given to the swift, nor the victory to the strong,
Have felt the salty taste of kisses and the cold ache of being tired:
Have watched the wide earth covered
With chaotic fury of motor-cars,
Have known but little in the end, though much my mind discovered,
Have passed through deadly peace and deadlier wars;
Yet this at least I find is surely mine
After a long hard journey, and mighty cities seen:
The pure sweet scent of a southern long-leafed pine,
Dangling with chains and balls of glass and toys,
Into my nostrils breathed, soft, rich, and clean.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

IN MOUNT HOLLY

HERE beyond hope is all that death shall hold of me,
This brown Arkansas hillside, dreaming through depth of mid-winter, alone in the southland;
Under the dove-grey low-swung cloud come up from the Gulf to scatter
Its benediction of deep rain, endlessly flashing and pouring;
Here, in the drift of the years,
From the seas I have crossed, and the lands I have known, and the struggles
I have faced with the steady river of time marching on through my vitals,
I have come back to this point of repose, to these stones side by side in the grass,
Turning as the earth turns against far Orion's fierce whirlwind of stars.

They greet me unseeing, these graves,
Mute symbols of life accomplished, made noiselessly perfect,
Quieted by the cold hands of death that suddenly seize on the body
In an hour unexpected, as a thief in the night, running free with the tale of man's days;
Yet not to be loosed from the soil till the sphere splits its core and is shattered
Like a ripe seed pod crammed full with thick seed of expectancies, memories, and failures;
Their dumb thought trails on in the soil while I in the high world above them
Lift up thin eager hands to the sky and cry to the sun's dying splendor.

Here beyond hope is all that death shall take of me,
The blood that is mine, and yet theirs, the tower, the base and the framework;
The building not reared by man's hands, but shaped in the night and the silence,

The framework of the body fashioned as theirs, for the blood through the generations
Repeats the same tale of Eden lost and Paradise darkly forgotten:
When the stars hang low in the sky and two souls become as one body
Straining past hope and despair to a timeless consummation,
Which is as the wedding-song of God mating the stars without number.
Here does the last life wait,
Crouched in its stronghold of bone behind the slow-vanishing sinew,
A spark without issue, a last ache of lust, a slow tide merging and dying
Into the running of quick hidden sap and the thin dumb flame of the grass.

Out of what chasms of fire,
Out of what lavalike torrents life sprung at the outset neither I nor these graves can remember;
They have become turf-covered dumb mouths opening below to the waters under the earth,
Which burst forth but once in the flood, and since then have ever been silent.
Into what dark seas we flow
I know not at all—I remember
Only the sunlight that lays a soft pencil of shadow to sleep on the grass;
The tramp of the black-clad pallbearers, the words spoken or sung, the lowering of the coffin to earth.

Here beyond hope, beyond dreams,
Under this soft and lazy sky dreaming in depth of midwinter,
Where the sweetgum casts to the earth its brown prickly balls, where the holly

Flashes its scarlet clusters, where the feathery pine sways its thin needles,
Where the red haw blazes with berries threaded bright on long outspraying stems,
Where the conelike fount of the magnolia spreads downwards a billion of star-rayed leaves,
Where the acorn lies split on the stone, its yellow sustenance wasted:
Here was I fashioned and made
By those who now sleep in the earth at my feet, as they by others forgotten.
Their speech was my speech, their dream was my dream, it was given
Beyond the cloud's arbitrament of rain to create, or the slow earth's power to destroy.

And I pause ere I go,
And stretch out my hands to these worn stones, smoothing them over and over,
Repeating their names which no one but I now remembers,
Praying that they may somehow bless me;
These who have given me life and so many dreams
On this brown Arkansas hillside, quiet in depth of midwinter:
Out of this army of graves facing eastward I single out but these two stones,
I wailingly beseech them
With the tears of the spirit torn against life and its days,
In this place where so many tears have been shed and mortal lives brought to the awe
Of the open portals of death, beyond hope, beyond dreams;
I kneel and weep as a man weeps,
I cry out loud as a man cries,
Let that which is mine and yet yours, this memory transient, this passion,
Marked by the cross of Christ on those stones, marked in my heart by time's ebbing,
Be with me now forever wherever I go.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

"THERE IS A SEASON"

THERE is a season when sleep, like an old fox,
Slips to a hole that the most passionate hunter
Cannot smell out. Who knows that period,
Knows sweat that pours like rain, knows grief that locks
The joints, and, like one caught in a dark wood,
Fears his own breathing, his own furtiveness.
Some men there are,
Sweeten with wine that parching bitterness.
Some, blaming pity that it makes them human,
Turn from the pastures wisdom has made fair
To browse on the soft body of a woman.
And some
Lie coldly and alone,
For if they lust
They hug a skeleton,
Nor will their thirst be stilled until they choke
On a long draught of dust.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

THE TWO WINDOWS

OUT of my western window
The purple clouds are dying
Edged with fire;
And out of my eastern window
The full round moon is rising
Formed of ice.

So beautiful,
Although the day go by
And the night come on forever,
Is this momentary world.

WITTER BYNNER

OXFORD TO WANTAGE

By EVA PHILLIPS BOYD

MY STAY in England would be over in two days, and I had not seen Wantage. The very sound of the gracious Saxon syllables had allured me all that Oxford summer. Wantage! Birthplace of King Alfred, when Oxford was but an oxen ford! Incredible, yet inescapable, that power of the past which clings like a living thing to the towns and downs that I had been knowing. Not even the daily sight of the ancient names on the motor busses had power to break the spell. I would wait no longer for Wantage, though it was afternoon, and a heavy Oxford rain was falling. Eagerly I started for my outer things. Then I paused. This was England, not America. There were times and seasons and oracles to be consulted, chief among them, "Bacon's Oxford ABC."

I hastily found the page. *Oxford and Wantage.* I had it. "Wantage Early Closing, Thursday. Market Wednesday." But this was Friday! O, well, that made no difference. Markets concerned only morning busses. Two busses in the afternoon, one already gone, the other, last of the day, five-fifty. Arrive at Oxford again after nine. *Wretched service!* We could show them a few American ways! I looked hesitantly out of my window across the garden, where purple clematis, sodden in the wet, hung heavily on the wall. Between the window and Magdalen Tower the rain was falling in steady perpendicular. But I would go! I would wear my detested old serge and the ugly black felt. No one would know me and no one would care.

To be sure it meant missing dinner. I would be away

when they served the mutton and cabbage and boiled potatoes, and that acid "sweet," unsunned green gages stewed, and garnished with junket. I would miss it, but it would make no difference.

I must hurry that I might still use the afternoon; a final browse in Blackwell's, a bit of last-minute shopping in the Cornmarket, perhaps tea at the Old Ship, and I would be ready for the five-fifty. If it poured too hard, I could wait at the crowded little bus office near the "top" of the High.

I was there at five-fifty, patiently ready. I had noted with satisfaction that the rain had lessened; then with gathering dismay that the bus was late, and later. When at last it appeared, it slowly, but firmly — trundled past without stopping! A hurried question and answer. O, that bus stopped away around the corner by the Town Hall. It was gone! But not yet. Automatically, from long practice in Boston, I ran in and out and around the groups crowded on the narrow sidewalk and gained the step just as the vehicle lurched forward.

"Bus for Wantage?" I asked breathlessly.

"Yes, and you very near missed it!" replied the conductor with something between concern and reproach. It was plain that missing the bus for Wantage was no light matter, that is, if it was necessary for one to go, as it properly should be. Would any sane person ride all the way to Wantage on a wet evening, merely for the sake of turning around and coming back? When I asked for my return ticket, he knew my rashness and eyed me narrowly.

"You'll have to come back with us," he warned. "Ticket's only good to-night." His disapproval was more dampening than the rain.

The bus was almost full, but I found an empty seat. The other passengers were going home, though not from work, at least not from daily work; just the occasional business of shopping or visiting in Oxford town. Nearly every lap contained one of the excellent straw bags with which our

own house of Woolworth supplies all England at the modest sum of threepence each, and which no one in that land of kings and coronets is too aristocratic to carry. Every bag was stuffed full, and all the interstices between bags and knobby parcels occupied with huge, wet umbrellas.

We were just getting on our way when we stopped again, suddenly; this time to take on little Tow Head. She mounted the bus alone, while her father stood on the sidewalk and paid her fare.

"Leave her at the Bear, George," he called to our driver.

"Anybody coming to meet her?" shouted George.

"No, she's all right. Knows the way to her aunt's."

George nodded and found the gas. Tow Head decided to sit by me, and I let her slip past to the seat by the window. With a smile of shy gratitude, she opened a paper bag, which she had tightly clutched in her left hand, and offered it. There were red and white candies, rather moist, half a dozen great pennies mixed with half pennies, and a little gray ball of a handkerchief.

I was absurdly pleased by her favor. I forgot the conductor and suddenly recovered my good spirits. Perhaps she thought I was English! The welcome which Oxford usually extends to the stranger may be called dignified rather than warm. Yes, it must be so! My skin is reasonably clear, and for one day at least I was dressed with English regard for weather. In my elation at her friendliness I examined my fellow passengers with new pleasure.

Across the aisle sat an athletic girl in a brown rain coat with boyish hat to match. She had a peach-bloom complexion, and even the little of her hair that showed lighted up the interior of the bus like sunshine. She had been having her racquet mended in Oxford and was examining it with a critical eye. Altogether she was of the sort who make the rouge and lipstick variety look like hopeless imitation. As I watched her, she laid aside her racquet and released the window at her side, letting in the sweet, clearing

atmosphere with a rush; whereupon a lad in front opened a window. I drew a long breath and knew that I was going to have a good ride.

We were now out on the Abingdon Road. An automobile, small and bespattered, which had come close upon our right rear, began uttering tentative little toots. Subconsciously, from American habit I suppose, I waited to see George crowd the presumer over and keep him back as long as possible. On the contrary, however, George leaned far out to see if the narrow road ahead was clear, and then, waving back cheery assurance, let the little car speed gratefully past. Perhaps it was quite as well, for we had to stop anyway. Three passengers alighted, relieving the congestion of parcels and people.

A tall, stout woman entered. Her feather-trimmed hat, reminiscent of 1890, rested high above rolls of iron gray hair. Large, work-worn hands protruded conspicuously below the tight sleeves of her rusty black coat, and she had fixedly red cheeks, which on nearer view were seen to be the result of a close network of enlarged capillaries. She breathed heavily as she sat down beside Miss Tennis, but she was not too exhausted to notice at once the open window.

"Would yu close it?" said she to her seat mate. "Hi don't like the hair on a person's joints. Hi don't mind it hall around, but a draught's not good for hanybody."

Miss Tennis quickly closed her window, and the lad in front closed his.

We were climbing the Hinksey slope. The road passed between tall hedges of thorn and holly, made a turn near Boar's Hill and ran for a while by tall evergreens and through depths of dripping shade. Then later, between villages, we saw orchards and golden stretches of ripe wheat, with the rolling miles of Berkshire downs lying misty in the distance. And now—joy of joys!—the sun was shining, with the tender beauty of an English evening

that follows hours of cloud and rain. Through the blue that had broken and widened, the rays slanted across the whole landscape—field and broad oak, thatched cottage and rainbow garden, every tiniest leaf and blade suffused with a golden-edged glory; while the clouds, which had lowered, became lifted by some magic of closing day into shining dreams of white and silver.

"It's fine now!" announced somebody's grandmother, vigorously shaking her wet umbrella, and we all agreed.

We passed from town to town, effecting homecomings all the way. The people, who had shopped in Oxford, were left at cottages or at ends of lanes; while passengers were picked up at ends of lanes or at cottages and carried to other villages. I had forgotten that anywhere in the world people "spent the day" any more; but here they were, rosy cheeked young mothers saying good-bye through the bus windows to aunts and cousins, fat infants in the bus waving da-das to fat infants in weather-proof perambulators outside, a curate with a bicycle parting from an old man. It was plain that there is time somewhere for these important social matters, even if America is busy.

Lovable little houses, surrounded by flowers, received the homecomers or sent the visitors forth warmed with hospitality. Thatch was everywhere; above brick hung with ivy, above gray stone lighted with scarlet geraniums, over creamy plaster and broad timbering against which yellow roses climbed to nod heavily at open casements. Something efficiently American recalled that there were no screens to ward off flies, that uneven stone flooring turns the ankle and invites rheumatism; but something centuries older than the United States knew that the English thatches shelter the inmost heart of home, while beside them tower trees which were beloved before the Mayflower set sail.

We passed more and more wheat, some tied into sheaves;

then a few turns, a long straight stretch, and we were coming into Wantage. We drew up at our appointed spot in the market place.

Does any arrival quite fulfil expectation? This was Wantage, a neat little picture-book town in the clear light of early evening, with a butcher, a baker, an "ironmonger," a shoe shop, a Bear Inn, and, beyond the end of the square, a fourteenth century church. And there in the middle of the market place was King Alfred himself, a rugged figure standing appropriately on a boulder, which, like the country that he dominated, was rude and half formed.

Tow Head and I alighted and crossed the square, she to go to her aunt's house, I conspicuously and lonesomely to read the inscription on Alfred's boulder. Nearly eighty years ago they had celebrated his thousandth anniversary. I read down to the very last word, reluctantly absorbing the meaning. The thousand years were as the eighty, and both as a day. King Alfred was a go-getter! A typical American! If the inscription was true, we have hundreds of him, a whole country full! It was all exactly like what a congressman says of himself when he seeks re-election. Romance suddenly skipped across the market place to the Bear Inn. . . . Though I have seen a score of Bear Inns and two score Angels and White Harts, they forever keep their glamour; while in a separate, enchanted spot, which I shall seek to spend my dotage, stands the Inn of the Quiet Woman!

Well, there would be time to glance at the church. In my reaction against Alfred, I indulged in some resentment toward the peaceful green graves in the churchyard. Lugubrious, the custom of always associating religion with death and corruption, building, doubtless, incurably doleful ideas in the minds of little children! And yet—and yet, it might barely be possible that children who have grown up with friendly graves may unconsciously acquire a steadying, rational view of the ongoing of human life. On

my way to Wantage I had seen no middle-aged English women madly rushing around in knee-length skirts and vainly endeavoring to hide their forties and fifties beneath misapplied cosmetics.

But my minutes in Wantage were nearly over. It was time to be hastening back to the bus, which was waiting near the shoe shop. I fancied that both George and the conductor looked relieved when I appeared. Seats were filling with passengers, most of whom the two seemed to know.

As we started, I realized that we had the sister of Sir Toby Belch aboard. She was comfortably fat, with bright red hair, and, when a little in her cups, as now, a free tongue.

"There's another lydy comin'!" she called in alarm when we jerked off. George slowed.

"Where?" said he, looking about.

"I don't see her yet," said his informer, "but she said she was comin'."

"Can't wait," said George brusquely. "What about the others? Can't you see it's fifteen to one?" We were off for good.

We reached the broad, straight level at the edge of town, when George yielded to sudden temptation and began to show us what the old bus really could do.

"Hi, Jarge!" shrieked Mistress Belch, above the rattle and rumble. "We're not all goin' to be merried!" Amid general laughter, George brought us back to our accustomed trundle.

When we slowed further near Steventon, Sir Toby's sister opened a window, and, leaning far out until I was certain she had lost her balance, directed piercing inquiry toward a cottage two hundred feet away.

"How's the by-y-y-by?" The call must have reached intended ears, for, with a satisfied wave of the hand, she released the spring that slammed the glass shut.

Passengers were waiting at Steventon—an attractive couple. The man would have drawn attention anywhere by his splendid posture, an upstanding man in well-fitting sports clothes, perhaps in the early thirties. His companion, even to a hasty observer, radiated the unmistakable fineness and simplicity of quality. He carried a large basket, and the two were laughing together; but when the bus stopped, she took the basket and gave him her free arm; and when he mounted he stumbled. As they came carefully up the aisle, I was sure of it. He was blind, stone blind! O—How? But there was no need to ask. It was something at least that a good woman was devoting her life to being his eyes.

George waited until his passengers were entirely settled before he started on. Then a gay, vibrant, masculine voice filled the car.

"That you, George?"

"Yes, Major."

"How are you to-night?"

"Fine, Major!"

"Good! George."

Nothing much. Nothing at all, in fact; but for me a realization of heroisms greater than those of battle.

We were passing again the bronze-gold wheat fields. In the late-drawn twilight the whole air was rich with the opalescent west. And then, for a little time, I was aware of something strange. It seemed inexplicably as if I were transported to a hitherto unknown state, where I realized myself as part of a solidarity which I had never before so much as perceived, a comradeship in which each human soul knew his own appointed task and place and his necessity to the whole.

We were approaching Boar's Hill once more. Near the top, before we descended to town and colleges, the blind major and his wife left us. I watched them after they were safely off. Firmly he resumed his basket. She might

be his eyes, but no more of his arms than he could help! The last rays of the afterglow touched the hilltop with a brooding light, light of which war had forevermore robbed him; nor could he know, except in memory, the melting loveliness of the spreading western countryside for which he had suffered, now to be shut from my own view by the turn of the way. I recalled that I too shared in the profit of that sacrifice. Then I tried to put it all behind me and remembered that just over the brow of this very hill were poets: Bridges, over eighty years of age, true still to a clear spiritual vision and to the highest ideals of his art; Masefield, finding on Boar's Hill that which New York could not give him; Drinkwater, who interpreted our own Lincoln to us. Perhaps one of these would transmute the beauty of this very evening, along with the infinitely greater beauty of brotherhood and sacrifice, into something of imperishable consolation to the hearts of men.

As we rolled down the hill, I was conscious of a great discontent with myself and certain of my fellow Americans. Like Satan we go to and fro in the earth, and we have travelled far from the purposes of our forefathers.

"Is Oxford to Wantage typical of England?" one may ask. Is anything typical of anything? It is certainly England at her oldest and perhaps at her truest; not indeed the England of courts and cities, but of villages, and of fields that have been sown and reaped for a thousand years. On the road to Wantage, though I am sure I missed the truth of King Alfred, I won perhaps a better thing for my Americanism, a new understanding of the Mayflower Compact.

We talk much in America about democracy and brotherhood. We point to the Mayflower Compact as a thing unique in the history of the world. I have become convinced that it is a thing unique only in the circumstances of its making; that it is only one expression of a spirit, the more profound because it is not talked about, that has been

taken for granted by generations of country men and women of England.

For this I shall never forget. In disguise of shabby rain clothes, which concealed the flaunting nationalism that marks us all abroad and that generally throws a stultifying reserve on any English company, I had this beautiful experience. For three hours, among the shifting passengers of a public vehicle, I saw each individual further the well-being of every other. I saw every action of every person, carried or carrying, unconsciously reveal the Golden Rule as the unquestioned assumption of all. I have seen no similar thing on any system of public transportation at home in America, nor do I hope to live long enough to do so. Perhaps when our go-getting is farther behind us, when time has had a chance to weld us, we as a nation can better realize our own advertised aims. It is not that there is anything wrong with our ideals, which were bequeathed to us. The trouble is merely that we talk too loudly about them, while we do not live them.

The bus rolled along St. Aldate's to Oxford Town Hall. Through the red curtains of an ancient house a light shone warmly. Tom Tower rose dim in the dusk. Somewhere chimes were musically ringing the quarter hour. I could barely see the street signs. "Nash and Hayward," or "Heywood," read one. I could not be sure; but it made no difference. Not Elizabethan dramatists, these two; just plain friends in business, as plain as the same names spread for nearly three centuries through the towns of America.

Oxford and Wantage! I have no suggestion for the improvement of your service!

THE BOGEY BETWEEN THE GENERATIONS

By D. H. LAWRENCE

IF YOU are a writer, nothing is more confusing than the difference between the things you have to say and the things you are allowed to print. Talking to an intelligent girl, the famous *"jeune fille"* who is the excuse for the great Hush! Hush! in print, you find, not that you have to winnow your words and leave out all the essentials, but that she, the innocent girl in question, is flinging all sorts of fierce questions at your head, in all sorts of shameless language, demanding all sorts of impossible answers. You think to yourself: My heaven, this is the innocent young thing on whose behalf books are suppressed! And you wonder: How on earth am I to answer her?

You decide the only way to answer her is straightforward. She smells an evasion in an instant and despises you for it. She is no fool, this innocent maiden. Far from it. And she loathes an evasion. Talking to her father in the sanctum of his study, you have to winnow your words and watch your step, the old boy is so nervous, so tremulous lest anything be said that should hurt his feelings. But once away in the drawing-room or the garden, the innocent maiden looks at you anxiously, and it is all you can do to prevent her saying crudely: "Please don't be annoyed with Daddy. You see he *is* like that, and we have to put up with him." Or else from b'urting out: "Daddy's an old fool, but he *is* a dear, isn't he?"

It is a queer reversal of the Victorian order. Father winces and bridles and trembles in his study or his library, and the innocent maiden knocks you flat with her out-

spokenness in the conservatory. And you have to admit that she is the man of the two: of the three, maybe. Especially when she says, rather sternly: "I hope you didn't let Daddy see what you thought of him!" "But what *do* I think of him?" I gasp. "Oh, it's fairly obvious!" she replies coolly, and dismisses the point.

I admit the young are a little younger than I am; or a little older, which is it? I really haven't spent my years cultivating prunes and prisms; yet, confronted with a young thing of twenty-two, I often find myself with a prune-stone in my mouth, and I don't know what to do with it.

"Why *is* Daddy like that?" she says, and there is genuine pain in the question. "Like what?" you ask.—"Oh, you know what I mean! Like a baby ostrich with his head in the sand! It only makes his rear so much the more conspicuous. And it's a pity, because he's awfully intelligent in other ways."

Now what is a man to answer?—"*Why* are they like that?" she insists. "Who?" say I. "Men!" she says. "Men like Daddy!" "I suppose it's a sort of funk," say I. *"Exactly!"* she pounces on me like a panther. "But what is there to be in a funk about?"

I have to confess I don't know. "Of course not!" she says. "There's nothing at all to be in a funk about. So why can't we make him see it?"

When the younger generation, usually the feminine half of it, in her early twenties, starts firing off "Whys?" at me, I give in. Anything crosses her in the least and she takes aim at it with the deadly little pistol of her enquiring spirit and says : *"Why?"* She is a deadly shot: Billy the Kid is nothing to her; she hits the nail on the head every time. "Now why can't I talk like a sensible human being to Daddy?" "I suppose he thinks it is a little early for you to be quite so sensible," say I mildly. "Cheek! What *cheek* of him to think he can measure out the amount of sense I ought to have!" she cries. "Why does he think it?"

Why indeed? But once you start whying, there's no end to it. A hundred years ago, a few reformers piped up timorously: Why is man so infinitely superior to woman? And on the slow years came the whisper: He isn't! Then the poor padded young of those days roused up: Why are fathers *always* in the right? And the end of the century confessed that they weren't. Since then, the innocent maiden has ceased to be anaemic—all maidens were more or less anaemic, thirty years ago—and though she is no less innocent, but probably more so, than her stuffy grandmother or mother before her, there isn't a thing she hasn't shot her "Why?" at, or her "Wherefore?"—the innocent maiden of today. And digging implements are called by their bare, their barest names. "Why should Daddy put his foot down about love? He's been a prize muff at it himself, judging from Mother."

It's terrible, if all the sanctifications have to sit there like celluloid Aunt Sallies while the young take pot shots at them. A real straight "Why?" aimed by sweet and twenty, goes clean through them. Nothing but celluloid and looking so important: really, *why*—?

The answer seems to be, Bogey! The elderly, today, seem to be ridden by a bogey, they grovel before the fetish of human wickedness. Every young man is out to "ruin" every young maiden. Bogey! The young maiden knows a thing or two about that. She's not quite the raw egg she's supposed to be in the first place. And as for most young men, they're only too nice, and it would grieve them bitterly to "ruin" any young maid, even if they knew exactly how to set about it. Of which the young maiden is perfectly aware, and: "Why can't Daddy see it?"—He can, really. But he is so wedded to his Bogey, that once the young man's back is turned, the old boy can see in the young boy nothing but a danger, a danger to my daughter! Wickedness in other people is an *idée fixe* of the elderly.—Ah, my boy, you will find that in life every man's hand is against you!

—As a matter of fact, my boy finds nothing of the sort. Every man has to struggle for himself, true. But most people are willing to give a bit of help where they can. The world may really be a bogey. But that isn't because individuals are wicked villains. At least ninety-nine per cent of individuals in this country, and in any other country, as far as we have ever seen, are perfectly decent people who have a certain amount of struggle to get along, but who don't want to do anybody any harm if they can help it.

This seems to be the general experience of the young, and so they can't appreciate the bogey of human wickedness which seems to dominate the minds of the old in their relation to the succeeding generation. The young ask: "What, exactly, is this Bogey, this wickedness we are to be shielded from?"—And the old only reply: "Of course, there is no danger to *us*. But to you, who are young and inexperienced—!"

And the young, naturally, see nothing but pure hypocrisy. They have no desire to be shielded. If the Bogey exists, they would like to set eyes on him, to take the measure of this famous "wickedness." But since they never come across it; since they find meanness and emptiness the worst crimes; they decide that the Bogey doesn't and never did exist, that he is an invention of the elderly spirit, the last stupid stick with which the old can beat the young and feel self-justified.—Of course it's perfectly hopeless with Mother and Daddy; one has to treat them like mental infants, say the young. But the mother sententiously reiterates: "I don't mind, as far as I am concerned. But I have to protect my children."

Protect, that is, some artificial children that only exist in parental imagination, from a Bogey that likewise has no existence outside that imagination, and thereby derive a great sense of parental authority, importance, and justification.

SOME SOUTHERN INDUSTRIALISTS

By BROADUS MITCHELL

FALLING CREEK where it enters the James River seven miles below Richmond, Virginia, is "a place of old emprise." Here the London Company, in 1620, promoted iron works. It would seem from the number of men engaged in the erection and the length of time they were about it that a blast furnace, a finery and a chafery were designed. John Berkeley and his men "made Proof of good Iron Oar, and brought the whole Work so near Perfection, that they writ Word to the Company in *London,* that they did not doubt but to finish the Work, and have plentiful Provision of Iron for them by the next *Easter.*" However, the massacre of March 1622 put an end to the project; the Indians "fell so hard upon this . . . Place, that no Soul was saved, but a Boy and a Girl, who, with great Difficulty, hid themselves."

At intervals of generations desultory attempts were made at revival of the works, but Falling Creek remained a wilderness. The very site of the original enterprise was covered by washings from the adjacent bank. The ore bogs were forgotten, and a nearby supply of lead was lost sight of, rediscovered and lost again. The lands of the vicinity were cropped out with three hundred years of a wasteful agriculture. The year 1928 found the spot as desolate and silent as when the English colonists first ventured there.

Now, suddenly, all is changed. A ten-million-dollar plant is being erected there for the manufacture of rayon by the viscose process. The annual output will be more than three million pounds, and upwards of two thousand

workers will be employed. This is just another evidence of the South's industrial awakening from a long sleep.

Our Industrial Revolution in the South has been as precipitate and spectacular as that in England earlier. As in the old country, we have been slow to recognize the change, slower in analyzing its consequences in the present, and tardiest of all in conjecturing what will fall out in the future. We are still in the fever heat of it, and possess no perspective. There is perhaps no single social alteration so potent in its concomitants as the widespread introduction of manufactures in a hitherto agricultural economy, unless it be possibly the abolition of a system of slavery. We are now beginning to be interested in the figures who instituted this new adventure. We scarcely know their names, let alone their thoughts, their acts, their certain significance in the pell-mell of progress.

Industrial advance in the South came first, prominently, in the cotton manufacture. The lives of the vast majority of the important enterprisers remain unwritten. A few of them left record of their thoughts in books and pamphlets, and more in speeches and reports that found their way into newspapers of the day. But in the main it is necessary to inquire in the old localities of those who knew them—their former operatives, superintendents, shareholders and business competitors. Such a search provokes a rich response of incident and anecdote, out of which a student acquainted with the march of the development may form a picture, with many allowances for error, of the place each man occupied in the evolution. It is difficult to choose types, for all were apt to overlap with the rest, and in the sketches of significant figures that follow I am aware of over-simplification.

The most interesting apostle of industrialism in the South before the Civil War was William Gregg of South Carolina. He was the one swallow that did not make a summer. He represents the link with the old legitimate

period of Southern industry, if I may use that term. His advocacy owed much to the fact that when an orphan of twelve years or so he was introduced to the cotton manufacture by his uncle, Jacob Gregg, who built a small factory in Georgia. This was the period of stimulation of American manufactures incident to the War of 1812. William probably had a good start on his apprenticeship in the mill when the enterprise, with many others, was ruined by the flood of British goods which entered this country after the peace. But the boy's education in the manual arts did not cease, for, his uncle having been a watchmaker and jeweler, he was put to learning these handicrafts.

When he accumulated a fortune and temporarily retired from business in the 'thirties, he luckily ran across the little Vaucluse cotton factory in the upper part of South Carolina. This mill had been built by George McDuffie and others who favored nullification and wanted to show that the South could supply its own manufactures. It was in a declining way. Gregg was persuaded that if the founders had put as much energy into industrial management as they put into preaching political revolt, the mill would have succeeded. Furthermore—and this was the sovereign stroke of his thought—if the South cultivated industry and so approximated its economic pursuits to those of the North, political differences, particularly on the score of the protective tariff, would disappear. Thus to his interest in manufactures, born in an older period of national patriotism, was added a philosophy of industry very pertinent to a later day of economic degeneration in the South.

Gregg put the Vaucluse mill on its feet, but did not buy it. This might have been the limit of his services had he not, in the late 'thirties, moved to Charleston. Here he found two main elements in the public life: planters or men dependent upon the planting interest seething with political animosity against the North, and an economically

more active group of commercial men who invested their surplus funds at low interest in bank stock or public securities. This was a combination ready to his hand. He was stirred to new enterprise. Having visited the textile districts of the North, he published a series of articles in the Charleston Courier in 1844-5, in which he read sermons to both the elements in his audience. To the planter dissenters he declared that their political idols could never answer the prayer for economic plentitude—that exclusive devotion to agriculture must be the ruin of any people. To the rich merchants he argued that their future lay not in forwarding impracticable projects of linking their port with the Ohio valley by railroads built with state subsidies, but rather in developing South Carolina by investment of their relatively idle funds in industrial enterprise. Their promised land lay not beyond the Appalachians, but at home. He wanted farms to be balanced by factories, and they would be if Charleston traders, instead of scowling at their desolate back country while they cast bright glances upon Cincinnati, would join with him to initiate cotton manufacturing.

Be it said to Charleston's credit, the city listened to Gregg with a degree of enthusiasm, and within a short time a third of a million dollars was subscribed for a large cotton factory in the up-country. All of Gregg's bold effort was needed to persuade the legislature to grant a charter, but once the Graniteville factory was under way, in 1848, it promptly began to justify his predictions. Others followed his lead here and there throughout the South, though their mills met with indifferent success in operation. Graniteville continued to be an oasis.

About the mill Gregg built a tasteful village in which the Poor Whites of the district, who were the special object of his solicitude, found asylum. Here instead of the old illiteracy on the land they found a day school for all children up to twelve, upon which attendance was compul-

sory, and night classes for adults. The workers were paid cash wages, low and for long hours it is true, but marking a grateful release from the vassalage of the credit system in the country. He knew that he was dealing with people in their economic infancy, and he was not afraid to play the despot. Graniteville was a temperance town. He contrived not to limit their self-respect, but to increase it.

Gregg had antecedents in the South in village welfare work and doubtless in his philosophy of manufactures as well, but his thought was so clear, his voice so resonant, his achievement so brilliant that others must shine in his reflection. Graniteville prospered in panic and depression and weathered the war, to be completely refitted before Gregg's death in 1867 for a new course of accomplishment. But for the section as a whole, the war was the end of an epoch in manufactures in the South. Gregg had essayed the impossible, and had succeeded for himself and his immediate locality only. Reliance upon the black hand on the hoe had been victorious over espousal of the white hand transferred to the spindle. The onrush toward civil war was not to be gainsaid. Graniteville and its concomitants were the swan song of the first South of industry mixed with agriculture.

The war left time and money for only the immediates. Every man was for himself. What collective effort there was took form in bitter insurgency against the Reconstruction. Economic convalescence required fifteen years before, about 1880, there was an outburst of industrial upbuilding. But in the interval of collapse two men demand notice. They were both of South Carolina, H. P. Hammett and F. W. Dawson.

Hammett was much like Gregg, whom he knew and by whom he must have been influenced. In his personal history, his arguments for manufactures, the management of his mill and in his courage he more nearly resembled the master of Graniteville than any other Southern industrial

enterpriser known to me. He was born in Greenville county in 1822. He derived from Samuel Slater, "the father of American manufactures," for he learned the business from William Bates, who had worked in the celebrated little Pawtucket factory. In 1819 Bates, an orphan boy, walked from Rhode Island to seek his fortune in the South. After working in several tiny mills in North and South Carolina, he bought a water power site on Rocky Creek near Greenville and built a wooden mill of hardly more than 1000 spindles, the yarn being bartered in "bunches," by wagon, all the way over into Tennessee.

Hammett picked up what education he could in a country school and began teaching, clerking in a store at Hamburg in vacations. He drifted to the school at Batesville, married the eldest daughter of William Bates, and was taken into partnership in the mill, having charge of the office work. He remained at Batesville fifteen years, until the mill was sold in 1862. He purchased Garrison Shoals on the Saluda River, but did not utilize the site for a decade, for he entered the army, being detailed for duty in the Confederate tax office. In 1866 he became president of the run-down Greenville and Columbia Railroad, which he much improved.

Resigning from the railroad in 1870, he determined to build a great cotton mill. There was a little grist mill at the Shoals, with just one log to throw the water to the Greenville side of the stream. The spot was desolate. It required imagination and hardihood to foresee a great industry there, and to conjure the means of its construction out of the beaten South. In April of 1873 the Piedmont Company was organized, with $75,000 capital subscribed from Greenville and Charleston. The following February a charter was obtained and the capital fixed at $200,000, some being taken by a Northern machinery maker. Scarcely had construction commenced when the panic of 1873 crushed the enterprise. Subscribers refused to pay

their instalments, or sold out at what they could get for their stock. But Hammett was indomitable. In 1875 building was resumed, the workers being paid not in money but in grocery orders for which Hammett pledged his personal credit. In March of the following year the machinery was started—5000 spindles and 112 looms.

A principal idea of Hammett in building the mill was to make it of service to the Poor Whites of the region. They poured in as soon as the village was up. Two large families, the Grovers and Thackers from the neighborhood of the old Saluda factory, were almost sufficient in themselves for running the looms. Hammett will be longest remembered for his wise paternalism at Piedmont. His village became the pattern from which scores of others copied. He insisted on making the community decent and orderly. Mountain wagons would come into the town peddling corn whiskey at five cents for a tin cup full. These Hammett drove out; drunkenness was cause for dismissal from employment. His physical stature assisted his discipline. He was so large that he had a special buggy constructed for his use. He was dignified and generally wore a silk hat and Prince Albert coat. He spoke little and always with deliberation. Though his grandchildren, brought to see him on Sunday afternoons, remember him as stern, his workers of every station came to him freely. When in his last illness he talked to one of his superintendents about the Piedmont villagers he wept like a child, and refused to be led away from the subject.

The first mill was more than doubled in capacity and two others were built before his death, making Piedmont, with almost 50,000 spindles and 1300 looms, one of the great cotton mills of the world, and particularly well known in the China trade for its three-yard sheetings. Piedmont was the nursery of the Industrial Revolution in the South. In a quarter of a century it sent out forty superintendents to manage half a million spindles.

The Industrial Revolution in the South, as in England, passed through several stages. It was born without attracting much notice, was discountenanced, grew despite disapproval, was recognized and earnestly espoused, was glorified, and lastly was modified. F. W. Dawson is a good representative of the period of recognition and advocacy. He had an advantage over some others mentioned in this paper in that, being a foreigner, he possessed a detachment from the scene about him. Dawson was born and educated in London, wrote for the stage, and read history. With the fall of Sumter his ardent, romantic nature led him to enlist on the Confederate cruiser Nashville at Southampton in November, 1861. In June of the next year, desiring more active service in the Southern cause, he transferred, as a private, to Purcell's Battery, Hill's Division, Army of Northern Virginia. Promoted for valiant action at Mechanicsville, May of 1864 found him a captain and ordnance officer of Fitzhugh Lee's Division. He was three times wounded, and imprisoned at Fort Delaware.

After the surrender, he had only a three-cent postage stamp in his uniform. He weathered a succession of failures and drifted into newspapering in Richmond, shifting in 1866 to the Charleston Mercury. In 1873 he was editor and part owner of the combined News and Courier. He was a large, athletic, handsome man, imperious and sudden, tenderhearted and generous, and above all devoted to the social recovery of the South. He applied the lesson of England's progress to the stricken Southern States—he preached industrialism, crop diversification, immigration of agricultural workers from Europe and artisans from the North. When a new factory in the South came to his notice he dramatized it for the public. More than anyone else he was the apostle who cried up the "cotton mill campaign" which resulted in a boom for spinning the staple at home. He pictured the true economic reconstruction, vivid and pulsing. Henry W. Grady worked much to the

same purpose, but he splashed color on his canvas, Turner-like; Dawson on the other hand etched his picture in distinct, incisive lines, and he won not passing applause, but a loyal, growing, instructed following.

Dawson led the fight against duelling in South Carolina, and was honored for it by the Pope. A wretched fate overtook him, more than ordinarily unforgivable because he was so fair and courageous. He was shot down in cold blood for resenting an affront to a Swiss girl who was governess to his children.

A young Southerner went North in the early 'eighties to buy machinery for another man's cotton mill. "Where are you from?" he was asked. "Pinnook," he answered. "Pinnook? What the devil kind of a name is that for a place?" If George A. Gray's pronunciation had been more exact, he would have made it clear that his home town in North Carolina was called Pinhook, but that probably would not have helped any. His father, a Mecklenburg County farmer, died suddenly, leaving a wife and seven children. George, the youngest, worked in the Pinhook cotton factory of Caleb Lineberger near what is now Gastonia, at the age of ten earning ten cents a day. Soon after he started to work, his arm was broken in three places in a pulley. Narrowly escaping an amputation, he was eight months in getting well. The proprietor of the factory persuaded him to go to the country school during convalescence, and this was his only formal education.

The Pinhook factory is reduced now to ruined foundations overgrown with vines; the little wooden dam on the south fork of the Catawba is long since washed away; the village of wooden shanties has been dismantled. And yet in the great trees and the lawn grass that has successfully contended against the weeds all these years, there is about the spot the indubitable memory of long habitation that clings to the most neglected of such places. Some day it will be remembered only because George Gray came from

there. He got to be superintendent of the factory, and used to cut ice from the old breast wheel to make a day's run in the mill. He loved machinery, and learned every minutest trifle in its skilful operation. He was engaged to equip and start other, modern, mills. He saved his money. When he was nineteen he had never received more than seventy-five cents a day, yet he had accumulated nine hundred dollars.

In 1888 he started his own mill at the junction of two railroads in Gaston County. The place had only a dozen families, but he predicted a great future for it in cotton manufacturing. Others have contributed importantly to the result which he foretold, but he was the father of the development. Now Gaston County must be mentioned in the same breath with the Manchester and New Bedford districts. Its hundred mills with more than a million producing spindles turn out annually goods worth over $50,000,000.

Gray was a dynamo of nervous energy. Touch him, and sparks came off. He lived his life on tiptoes. An objective once in his mind, he drove at it incessantly. He went to his mills at 5:30 on summer mornings, and at 6 o'clock in winter, and was the last man to leave. He had a passion for economical contrivance. Condemning the old awkward poor work at little Pinhook, he insisted on installing the latest improvements in every plant under his care. He is said to have been the first man to run an electrically driven mill in the South. At their very outset he welcomed the development of hydro-electric stations. At his death he was president of sixteen mills, and he visited every one every day. His ear was so attuned that if something was amiss in a remote corner of a great room resounding with machinery, he would detect it. His foremost contribution to the Industrial Revolution in the South was that of technical proficiency.

Gray regimented his life—his rising and retiring were on

the dot, he drank water at certain times during the day, if he said "wait two minutes" he meant exactly that. But his eye twinkled, and people liked to call him by his first name. He insisted upon having associates he could rely upon. He used to say of his negro stable man, befriended after his hand had been cut off in a saw mill, that he would be willing to convert all he had into cash and put the money with Joe with instructions to keep it, and he believed not a penny would be missing after twenty years. That was no greater tribute to Joe than to his employer.

Thus far I have spoken of Gregg, who first woke the public mind to industry; Hammett, who ventured upon factory building in the darkest days of Reconstruction; Dawson, the publicist who popularized the experiment in economic diversification; and Gray, the expert technician who helped make every former hope reality. These borrowed in experience and spirit from the Old South or from the industrial background of England. The last figure in my gallery, D. A. Tompkins, belongs distinctly to the post-war South. While his career rounded up the advocacies of his predecessors, he represents the emergence in Southern industry of a new type, the engineer.

Ten years old at the outbreak of the Civil War, Tompkins was familiar with the routine of a large South Carolina cotton plantation, and afterwards came to understand the limitations of this agricultural system. After two years in the State university he decided that the South of his day would need fewer men of literary culture than of mechanical proficiency, so he transferred to a technical school in the North. A long apprenticeship in the iron industry followed, with erection of plants in Germany. He did not forget his belief in the possibilities of the South, and in 1882 established himself in Charlotte, North Carolina, in a tiny shop as "engineer, machinist, and contractor." He was among the first trained men in Southern industry—trained not only in mechanical skill, but in the faculty of social analysis. He began with small repair

jobs—threading pipes for steam laundries, mending cotton gins. He got the agency for an engine, and proved himself an able salesman. His business grew. He was a promoter of parts. He would single out an alert man in a nearby town, get to know him, and propose that the community needed a cotton mill to increase the value of its raw material. A meeting of citizens would be convinced by him not only of the value of his project, but of its practicability through instalment payments on locally subscribed shares. He would design and erect the factory and persuade machinery makers to take payment in stock.

He was probably directly responsible for the building of more cotton mills than any other one man. He organized and built within a few months a chain of efficient cotton seed oil mills. As gifted as any who had gone before him in bold conception, he was better equipped than his predecessors in capacity for thorough execution of his plans on a broad scale. He was in no sense local. His patriotism was that of an American. He insisted that the South, through industry, must take its place in the life of the nation. As an industrialist he shook off old sectional prejudices, and ardently espoused the protective tariff. He thought in economic terms. He foresaw and forwarded a self-contained textile industry in the South, with varied products, means for their finishing, and the manufacture as well as the repair of mill machinery.

Tompkins' career may be taken as closing the long period of argument for manufactures and the setting up of a physical plant to carry plans into execution. Since have come two other stages in the evolution—the glorification of the industry, in which profit has been set forth in the guise of patriotism, and the answer to this in attempts to curb capitalism in protection of labor and preserve social rights. The figures in these later periods have only defined an inevitable quarrel. The members of the older company, instead of apportioning benefits, created out of hand the means for Southern progress.

DISCUSSIONS OF NEW BOOKS

DICKENS HIMSELF

By Edward Wagenknecht

I

LITERARY biography is even now just beginning to come into its own. In the old days it was the man of action whom the biographer sought out as a subject. He whose days were crowded with incident and echoing to the tread of conflict—it has always seemed a comparatively simple matter to "tell the story" of such a life. But when a man spends his days making little black marks on white paper, when the most important dates he knows are those marking the publication of his various books, how could anybody possibly get a story out of that? Not every day can a "Grammarian's Funeral" be written, nor does one often meet a Willa Cather who is dedicated to the revelation of "the meaning in common things." To be sure, Sir Arthur Helps wrote in 1870, just after the death of Dickens: "When a great man departs from us, what we desire to know about him is not so much what he did, as what he was." But I hardly think very many of his contemporaries agreed with him.

The Life of Charles Dickens. By John Forster. Edited and Annotated with an Introduction by J. W. T. Ley. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc. $10.00. *Charles Dickens,* A Biography from New Sources. By Ralph Straus. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $4.00. *This Side Idolatry,* A Novel Based on the Life of Charles Dickens. By C. E. Bechhofer Roberts ("Ephesian"). Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50. *The Actor in Dickens.* By J. B. Van Amerongen. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $2.50. *Dickens Days in Boston.* By Edward F. Payne. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00. *Charles Dickens as a Legal Historian.* By William S. Holdsworth. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.00.

I have had occasion to point out before that what happened to the novel some time ago is now happening to biography. There was a time when the novelist was interested primarily in telling a story; today he centres his attention more and more upon revealing a character. There was a time when the novel was tied down to the chronological method: today a novel may begin anywhere and need not necessarily end at all! Literature of all types has gone mad over psychology: every year we are a little surer that there is nothing else in the world quite so fascinating as ourselves. So long as this interest continues, the man of letters must always be one of the best of all conceivable subjects. For when we attempt to reconstruct on paper the soul of a man who has gone, our material—to say nothing of our method—is words: the words of the subject himself and of others who knew him. And surely when you are dealing with an author, especially an author like Dickens, hundreds and thousands of whose own words you may spread out before you, then you may surely feel that you are on somewhat firmer ground than you would be if you were writing of a captain of industry like James J. Hill or a musician like Debussy or anybody else whose characteristic and habitual expression of himself is through another medium. This remains true, it seems to me, even if one does not go the whole way, as I do, with Middleton Murry's saying that "To know a work of literature is to know the soul of the man who created it, and who created it in order that his soul should be known."

It was inevitable that along with this marked interest in psychology there should go a strong tendency towards the re-evaluation of reputations. Much of this was and is necessary and wholesome, but some of it is mere ignorant and wanton destructiveness, for there never was a time when the intelligentsia—self-styled — clung more passionately than they do today to the neither particularly novel nor particularly true doctrine that man is a filthy animal.

During the fifty-eight years that have passed since his death, the life of Charles Dickens has been treated in literally thousands of books and articles. Yet four of the six volumes now on my desk are based on new or partially new materials, and at least one has as its avowed object that of compelling men to revise their opinions with regard to what kind of a human being Charles Dickens was.

II

Two of our books we may pass over rather quickly, and that without in any way implying disrespect to them. Mr. Payne's "Dickens Days in Boston" and Professor Holdsworth's "Charles Dickens as a Legal Historian" are good books, both of them, and they accomplish the comparatively modest tasks they set themselves with more complete success than can be said to crown every one of the more ambitious undertakings. It is partly because of this fact that they seem to invite less discussion than the other books.

It is often said of Carlyle's "French Revolution"—one of Dickens's favorite books—that to know it thoroughly with all its implications is equivalent to being an educated man. Nobody could say that to know Dickens's novels in this fashion would mean the same thing, for he was completely indifferent to the "intellectual" interests of his day, and many of them are never mentioned in his pages. What he did touch and what he does reflect, in an astonishingly varied way, is the vivid moving panorama of the actual life of his time, and many books have been produced by means of the simple formula of collecting his references to one or another phase of this life and then generalizing on the basis of the evidence discovered. This is practically what Mr. Holdsworth does in the volume of Storrs Lectures (Yale) which he calls "Charles Dickens as a Legal Historian." The book thus classifies itself with such other useful Dickens literature as James T. Lightwood's "Charles Dickens

and Music" and Charles H. MacKenzie's "The Religious Sentiments of Charles Dickens."

Mr. Holdsworth, an ardent Dickensian, does not claim inerrant or even exhaustive knowledge of the law for Charles Dickens. Instead he claims that what Dickens gives us is "that account of the human side of the rules of law and their working, which is essential to the legal historian." Two of the four lectures are general considerations of the lawyers in Dickens's novels and of the places they inhabit. A third gives an account of the Common Law in connection with Mr. Pickwick's misadventures, and the remaining chapter is a study of Mr. Holdsworth's favorite novel, "Bleak House," from the point of view of the Chancery problems involved. If one must make a choice, this is the most valuable chapter in the book: it should be reprinted as an introduction to all editions of "Bleak House" that are designed for people who like to understand what they read.

"Dickens Days in Boston," written by the President of the Boston Branch of the Dickens Fellowship, is the only American contribution to our list. Mr. Payne's book is subtitled "A Record of Daily Events," and it attempts to reconstruct a day-by-day and almost hour-by-hour record of what Dickens did during his two famous visits to Boston. Just how much labor such an undertaking involves can be properly appreciated only by those who have tried to do something similar: by patiently digging out and printing a considerable quantity of buried or forgotten information concerning these two episodes in Dickens's life, Mr. Payne has made no trifling contribution to the store of our first-hand source material. But "Dickens Days in Boston" is more than a source-book: it is a book to read. If Dickensians are primarily in Mr. Payne's debt for his patient research, he may still rest a strong secondary claim on his skilful and tasteful arrangement of materials.

I wish I had more space to devote to Mr. J. B. Van Amerongen's book, "The Actor in Dickens." After Pem-

berton's "Dickens and the Stage" and Adair Fitzgerald's "Dickens and the Drama" and Alexander Woollcott's "Mr. Dickens Goes to the Play"—to say nothing of the host of magazine articles—it might seem almost as if everything worth saying on this subject had been said. The difference between Mr. Van Amerongen's work and these earlier studies is that his is the work of a gifted scholar: indeed it is one of the few thoroughly scholarly books that have yet been written about any phase of Dickens's work. Mr. Van Amerongen does not, like most of his predecessors in this field, content himself with collecting "references" bearing on Dickens's interest in the theatre, nor is he satisfied to rehash the story of the amateur theatricals. Instead he has made a most absorbing study of the effect of Dickens's theatrical temperament and theatrical interests on his work as a novelist, and here is the real value of his book. He is quite conscious of the cheapening effect on the one hand—the sensational plots, the vivid descriptions of people, the rapid dialogue—which other critics have already noted, but he is far more deeply concerned with the much more fundamental thing: that it was Dickens's intense dramatic feeling that made his characters live. He identified himself with them, and his most striking scenes are "indelibly impressed on our minds" as seen through their eyes. This gives the theatre a larger share in Dickens's art than it has ever seemed to have before, and lends a special appropriateness to Ward's saying that, on the whole, it was fitting he should be buried in Westminster Abbey, close to the graves of Garrick and of Henderson. ". . . his generous spirit would not have disdained the thought that he would seem even in death the players' friend." It is interesting too to note that Katherine Mansfield sensed this same quality in Dickens to which Mr. Van Amerongen refers. In her recently published "Journal," we read: "There are moments when Dickens is possessed by this power of writing: he is carried away. That is bliss. It certainly is not shared by

writers to-day. The death of Cheedle: dawn falling upon the edge of night. One realizes exactly the mood of the writer and how he wrote, as it were, for himself, but it was not his will. He *was* the falling dawn, and he *was* the physician going to Bar."

III

In the new edition of Forster's "Life," Mr. J. W. T. Ley has undertaken the task which the late Frederic G. Kitton was considering just before his untimely death. The ideal was to summarize in a series of annotations—as it happens, well over five hundred in all—everything we know of Dickens's life that is not already included in Forster's own text. The added material was to cover both those matters which Forster neglected and those of which he was unaware, and the result was to constitute a summary between a single pair of covers of all that we know concerning Charles Dickens.

It may be doubted whether the unmodified ideal were capable of fulfilment. That Mr. Ley himself thinks not may be inferred from the fact that he prints a short list of other Dickens books to be read along with this one. Still it may be said without any hesitation whatever that Mr. Ley has produced that *rara avis*—an absolutely indispensable book. John Forster's biography will always be the primary source for Dickens's life. The future will be very foolish if it turns Forster's pages in any edition but this, where such a mass of carefully sifted information of the first importance has been added to what the biographer originally wrote. No other book on Dickens contains half so much.

But why annotate Forster at all? Why not write a fresh biography of Dickens, utilizing the information contained in the "Life," but not in any way tying oneself to its outline? The objection is simply the objection to doing over again what has already been done and done well.

Probably no great biography has irritated so many people as has Forster's "Life of Dickens." The man's temperamental peculiarities were many and they were reflected in his work, but after all is said and done, he knew Dickens as no other man has ever known him or ever can. The writer of a "complete" biography, working independently, would need to take so large a share of his information from Forster that his footnotes would present almost a humourous spectacle. It is the dilettantes, the "general readers," who detest Forster: nobody can attempt to do any real work on Dickens without coming each day to value him more. I have no desire whatever to minimize what later Dickens writers have done. They have brought much valuable material to light: there is considerably more which might still be revealed if only the Dickens family might be given the grace to see that Charles Dickens belongs to the world, not to the family into which he happened to be born. Yet it is only fair to say that if you read Forster and the "Letters," the essential heart of the man is there. The hosts of other books amplify and modify, but never fundamentally in any way.

It is obviously impossible to attempt to summarize the information which Mr. Ley has collected. The best one can do for a book like this is to indicate a few of the things which seem most striking, most valuable, or most debatable. One of the best things in the book, it seems to me, is the very frank discussion of Dickens's disputes with his various publishers. That Dickens was unjust to them all, and that Forster, who aided and abetted him at the time, wrote a distinctly partisan and unfair account afterwards, seems, in the light of the evidence now presented, absolutely incontrovertible. This does not mean that Dickens was mercenary or that he would willingly have done anyone an injustice. What it does mean is that we have here the most striking manifestation of his sovereign contempt for technicalities in all things. He recognized that in some cases

his publishers had a legal hold upon him. But he was so constituted that legal right meant nothing to him unless he considered moral right to go along with it. It goes without saying that being the intensely self-absorbed being he always was, and with his instinctive tendency to dramatize everything that belonged to him, he nearly always succeeded in persuading himself that the moral right at least was on his side!

One of the most interesting episodes in Dickens's life is his youthful love affair with Maria Beadnell, the original of Dora in "David Copperfield." Maria seems to have been just about as close to nothing as a woman can get, but to Dickens at the time she was the incarnation of the ideal, and her influence on his life can hardly be overestimated. It was under the inspiration of his love for her that he began to write, first in the hope that it might incline her to look favorably upon his suit, then—after he had lost her—increasingly as a refuge from his sorrow and an end in itself. Though he married soon afterwards, he went on mooning about Maria almost mawkishly for a quarter of a century—if the initial writing impulse came from her, he more than paid for it with his restlessness and his domestic dissatisfaction, in which I am sure she had no small share.

The story of Maria Beadnell was told in full in the delightful volume, "Charles Dickens and Maria Beadnell," edited by Professor George Pierce Baker, and published in 1908 by the Boston Bibliophile Society. This is one of the most charming of all Dickens books, and it is a thousand pities that it has never been reprinted and made available to the general public. There is no substitute for an actual reading of this volume if one would understand the true significance of the Beadnell episode in Dickens's life. Many summaries have been made of it, but never one like Mr. Ley's in his Note 69. What summary can do, that he has done.

I am glad to have Mr. Ley put his foot down firmly on

the nonsensical supposition that Dickens was in love with his wife's sister, Mary Hogarth, the original of Little Nell, Florence Dombey, and all the other spirituelle heroines. Mary died in Dickens's arms with frightful suddenness, shortly after his marriage to her sister, when she herself was only seventeen years old, and he cherished her memory all his life as the incarnation of his ideal of girlhood. Mr. Ley is specifically attacking the famous paragraph in which Mr. G. K. Chesterton declares that Dickens fell in love with all the Hogarth girls and unfortunately married the wrong one. "Mary Hogarth," says Mr. Ley sensibly, "was barely sixteen when the marriage took place. Presumably Dickens had been in love with Catherine sometime before there was thought of marriage. What reason can there be for suggesting that a girl of fifteen was a stimulant to a young man of twenty-three who had already achieved front rank in his own profession?" Other writers, however, have gone farther than Chesterton, notably Percy Fitzgerald, in a fatuous article published in "Harper's Magazine" in 1902, in which the supposition that Mary and not Catherine Hogarth was the woman Dickens really loved, was worked out with ridiculous and offensive detail. I am sorry to see Mr. Straus in his new biography swallowing the same story though in a less elaborate form. The truth is Mary Hogarth was never a woman to Dickens at all. In the days of her flesh she was a child: when she was set free she became a saint. It is only a very low order of mind that assumes because a man honors a woman and cherishes her memory, he must have been desirous of establishing sex relations with her.

More perhaps than any other recent writer, Mr. Ley emphasizes the real extent of Dickens's education. Once when John Dickens was asked where his son had been educated, he replied that he might be said to have educated himself. So he did in all essential matters, and so do we all. But that he was not exactly left to grow up like a

young savage is somewhat clearer in the light of Mr. Ley's discussion than it has ever been before.

It is also rather refreshing to find an orthodox Dickensian finally evaluating, instead of ignoring, the testimony of Eleanor Christian. In all our past discussions concerning Dickens's character, Eleanor has been just about the principal witness for the prosecution. In her famous "Temple Bar" article, reprinted in Richard Henry Stoddard's "Anecdote Biographies of Dickens and Thackeray," Mrs. Christian has spoken more freely than any other Victorian of some of the outstanding weaknesses of Dickens's character—his arrogance, his egotism, and his clownishness. Unfortunately there is an evident trail of spleen over all Mrs. Christian's testimony which makes it somewhat difficult to use. Mr. Ley accepts it with certain important and specific reservations, and since his acceptance and his reservations both happen to co-incide exactly with mine, they seem to me to be quite right.

Of the more debatable matters I will refer to only a few. It seems to me that Mr. Ley goes entirely too far in minimizing Dickens's interest in the theatre. "It may seem rather a strange thing to say," he writes, "but I incline to the opinion that almost every writer on Dickens has overstressed his passion for the stage. We have here his own explicit statement that he never thought of the stage save as a means of making money. It is certain that he regarded his famous Readings in later years almost exclusively from the same point of view." That, it seems to me, is an extreme statement, which Mr. Van. Amerongen's study alone is amply sufficient to contradict. Dickens's readings, wearing as they were, satisfied something in him that was never satisfied in any other way, and to me he seems predestined towards the stage or the reading platform—he made the reading platform a stage—virtually from the beginning of his career. In stressing the financial aspect exclusively, Mr. Ley is relying too much on the letter of Dickens's par-

ticular statements here and there and ignoring the general spirit of his eager response to all things theatrical. He makes the same mistake when—on the basis of Dickens's letter of May 31, 1841, written in reply to a request that he stand for Parliament—"My principles and inclinations would lead me to aspire to the distinction you invite me to seek, if there were any reasonable chance of success, and I hope I should be no discredit to such an honor if I won it and wore it."—Mr. Ley leaves the impression that he believes Dickens would certainly have sought Parliamentary office except that he felt he could not afford it. Now if there is anything that is clear in the life of Dickens, it is that he entertained a thorough-going contempt for all legislative and legal matters and for most of the people connected with them. Moreover his contempt deepened steadily as he grew older. In 1857 he sent Bulwer his opinion "that the House of Commons and the Parliament altogether, is just the dreariest failure and nuisance that has bothered this much-bothered world." Even more suggestive and more delightful is his remark after meeting Disraeli: "What a delightful man he is! what an extraordinary pity it is that he should ever have given up literature for politics!" It is conceivable, of course, in spite of all this, that Dickens might in some contingency have assumed the Parliamentary burden, just as, in the "Daily News" experiment, he foolishly, even enthusiastically, assumed a task for which he was so supremely unfitted as the editorship of a daily newspaper. But being the man he was, I am sure he would have wearied of his duties quite as quickly as he did in that connection, and there would have been no kindly John Forster around to take the burden off his shoulders.

With regard to the great crux in Dickens's life—his separation from his wife—Mr. Ley is in his notes somewhat less frank than his preface might lead the reader to expect. His best contribution here is his suggestion—so far as I know, now advanced for the first time — that Forster's

friendship for Dickens was one of the elements which drew him and his wife apart: ". . . the most intimate domestic matters were decided in consultation with Forster and without reference to her to whom the novelist should have turned first of all; . . . in fact, she was for years, so far as any voice in household affairs was concerned, a nonentity in her own home." This is conjecture, as Mr. Ley carefully stipulates, but on the basis of his discussion in Note 448, I am ready unhesitatingly to accept it.

Mr. Ley reprints both the famous "Personal" statement which Dickens published in 1858 to deny the rumours that were current concerning his separation from his wife and the "violated" letter which came out afterwards in the New York Tribune. There is no doubt that the "violated" letter was a mistake, but I am sorry to see Mr. Ley re-stating all the squeamish, silly objections to the dignified "Personal" statement. I confess I am quite at a loss to understand how so thoroughly-grounded a Dickensian can have written the following statement: "They [that is, Dickens's critics at the time] could not understand, nor can we understand today, what his relations with the public as a writer of fiction could conceivably have to do with his conjugal relations, which, in the very act of broadcasting them to the world, he described as 'of a sacredly private nature.'" Now if there is anything that stands out in the unparalleled vogue of Dickens, it is that his relations with his public *were* of a more intimately personal nature than we find in the case of any other man of letters of similar eminence. He was an artist, but he was more than an artist: he was a guide and a friend, and his career could no more remain unaffected by rumours concerning his personal character than, say, Madame Schumann-Heink's could today, or Miss Mary Pickford's, in the motion pictures. Dickens was wiser than his critics: he understood this situation fully and repeatedly referred to it. In a very real sense, his work was bound up with his life: if faith in the one were destroyed, the

power of the other would depart from it. Dickens did the only thing he could do when he issued the "Personal" statement: one cannot read it even to-day without sensing in it a clean man's horror of an ugly lie that has been put upon him.

In one respect, Mr. Ley subscribes to the conspiracy of silence which, chosen and persistently clung to by Dickens's family, is primarily responsible for the whispering campaign that has been conducted against him. He simply sidesteps the whole episode of Ellen Ternan, the young actress in whom Dickens was so much interested in his later years, and Ellen's name is printed in his book only where it appeared in the original Forster, that is in Dickens's will. On Dickens's own veiled reference to Miss Ternan in the "violated" letter, Mr. Ley comments, amazingly, as follows: "If there was another lady whom slander had touched—and that seems to be the implication of the penultimate paragraph of the document proper—her name is not mentioned, never could have been known to any but a limited number of people, and to-day is completely forgotten." Well, Mr. Straus and Mr. Roberts do not seem to know that it is forgotten.

IV

It is to these books that we must now turn. "This Side Idolatry" is a "biographical novel." I have explained my objections to that particular type of literary abortion before this in THE VIRGINIA QUARTERLY REVIEW: Mr. Bechhofer Roberts's particular contribution to the species is one of the worst that it has been my misfortune to read. It is too bad the author does not know his Shakespeare better: with a little more patience he might have found in the plays themselves four words which would have furnished him with a more suitable title than the Jonsonian phrase he has chosen. The words to which I refer are: *Set Down in Malice.*

To ask how much of the malice is inspired primarily by Charles Dickens himself—("He was, in my view, a very

great writer and a very small man.")—and how much by his only surviving son, Sir Henry Fielding Dickens, it were perhaps to inquire too curiously. Originally, Mr. Roberts planned to write not a novel but a biography. He was refused permission to quote from the unpublished letters: accordingly he chose instead to write a novel, in which he says all the nasty things he intended to say in his biography, and *escapes the necessity of presenting his evidence!* American readers might have known what to expect of "This Side Idolatry" as soon as Mr. Sinclair Lewis's fulsome praise of it drifted over the Atlantic. "This is a book which stirs me—" wrote Mr. Lewis, "sometimes to anger, but always to a feeling that here is that elusive truth, which is one high goal of life." This pronouncement is about as valuable as an analysis of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony written by a man who is tone-deaf. For if Mr. Lewis's novels have demonstrated anything, it is that "that elusive truth, which is one high goal of life" is something that has never entered at all into his consciousness. His is a realism of the microscopic order: absorbed completely in what Mr. Percy MacKaye once called "the low down facts," he sees with the eyes of the body, never with the eyes of the soul. And like all observers who observe without sympathy, he overlooks much.

The same is true of Mr. Roberts. A friend in London writes me that so far he thinks Mr. Roberts has won every point in the press arguments concerning his book. On first consideration, a man whose reply to his critics is: "I have evidence for all the nasty things I say, but I am not allowed to present it"—would seem to be in a rather contemptible position. But that is a secondary matter. It is too bad that the London critics, not knowing Dickens literature as well as they should, have made the sad tactical error of challenging Mr. Roberts's facts. His facts are, in general, I should say, unassailable. Though he has had access to much material that I have not seen, I could go

through his book now and annotate it, giving chapter and verse for practically everything he says. The point is that he has collected all the evidence available concerning Dickens's faults and weaknesses and combined them into a picture unrelieved by any suggestion of the man's finer qualities. There never was a better illustration of how a book may be completely *true* and yet not bear the faintest semblance of *Truth*. For Mr. Roberts's facts are so distorted by his own malice that the impression they give is quite the same as if he had deliberately set out to lie.

This is unfair, but what is more to the point and more damning, so far as Mr. Roberts's own book is concerned, is that it results in his presenting not a man but a caricature. He attacks Forster's "fantastically false picture of him," which has "deceived the world for half a century." Well, Forster's picture is at least that of a human being, not of a clown cavorting through a comic strip and chortling an ungodly lingo faintly reminiscent of a comic opera Indian. I have not discussed "This Side Idolatry" as a work of art because it does not exist as a work of art. The proportions are ridiculous: it starts leisurely and with a rather pleasant old-fashioned flavor: as a result, far too much space is given to the earlier years and the latter unnecessarily crowded in consequence. The only clever things in the book are the speeches Mr. Roberts puts into the mouths of Dickens's parents, which are fairly amusing imitations of Micawber and Mrs. Nickelby.

Of Mr. Straus's book I have nothing so unkind to say. The advertising did indeed suggest that there might be an element of cheap sensationalism in "Charles Dickens, A Biography from New Sources," but in the book itself there is nothing either cheap or sensational. Mr. Straus is a member of the house of Chapman and Hall: he has had unusual opportunities to collect unpublished materials, and he has used them all with taste and discretion. It is, I think, not too much to say, that next to Forster's own work, his is the most valuable life of Dickens that we have.

It is a little unfortunate, however, that with so much material at his disposal, Mr. Straus should have chosen to produce a half-journalistic sketch of Dickens's life rather than a carefully considered exhaustive and critical biography. And it is inexcusable that his book appears without an index and without documentation of any kind. Unless you happen to have the whole of Dickensian literature in your head, you cannot tell in reading Mr. Straus's pages when he is quoting from manuscript and when he is using material previously published. There is an excellent reconstruction of social life at Gad's Hill and another, almost equally vivid, of Dickens's only meeting with Robert Seymour. Mr. Straus discusses the shortcomings of Dickens's family with entire frankness—"And here, it may be, is the place to state very bluntly that few men have been unluckier in their families than Dickens"—and quotes from a letter to Collins in which Dickens presents himself for public recognition on the score of "having brought up the largest family ever known, with the smallest disposition to do anything for themselves." With regard to the separation from his wife, he quotes the statement from the "violated" letter in which Dickens suggests that his wife was suffering from a mental derangement, and adding to it from another letter, hitherto unpublished, does not scruple to suggest that this element played a much larger rôle than has hitherto been supposed in leading up to the separation.

V

Do we need, then, in the light of this new evidence and near-evidence, radically to revise our conception of Dickens the man? Do the clay feet of the image seem larger and fouler today than they appeared before? Both questions must be answered unequivocally in the negative. "I am aware of nothing in his life—" writes Mr. Ley, "and he lived in the limelight as no other man of letters has done—which those who loved him best need wish to conceal." Mr. Straus

is equally emphatic in assuring us that Dickens was never "guilty of any action whatsoever which could not be told in detail today." Dickens's interest in Ellen Ternan is discussed quite frankly by Mr. Straus, but neither he nor Mr. Roberts—the Devil's Advocate—suggests that it was in any way other than essentially innocent.

Myself I am a good deal more worried about Wilkie Collins than I am about Ellen Ternan. Even in the printed correspondence with that gentleman there are suggestions that one does not often find elsewhere in Dickens and the suggestions are strengthened considerably by the unpublished letters which Mr. Straus quotes. Lest rash conclusions be drawn from this statement, I hasten to quote the very fair and, as I see it, very apt deduction which Mr. Straus himself has made: "It seems to me that Collins was providing the over-wrought man with a rougher, slightly more cynical philosophy. Collins liked to do himself well; he enjoyed the little adventures in which a man of not too scrupulous taste will sometimes indulge. I do not say that he led Dickens astray; but after Forster's starchified and ultra-respectable ways it must have been a relief to have somebody about you at once capable of holding his own in intellectual argument and not unwilling to be pleasantly vulgar on occasions." That is as far as we can go. But it must have caused some soreness of spirit to John Forster, in the last years of Dickens's life, to find this vulgarian challenging his place as Dickens's closest friend.

From all this uncertainty and all this debate, one conclusion clearly emerges. It is this: that the surest way and the only way to prevent the recurrence of such malicious attacks as Mr. Bechhofer Roberts's in the future is to publish all the material, withholding nothing. If Dickens did nothing of which his family is ashamed, what is there to conceal? And if he did, what grounds can they have for complaint? A miserable whispering campaign has gone on now for seventy years. I, for one, have faith enough in

Dickens to be sure that the whole truth would be far less shocking than this mess of miserable insinuation, against which Dickens's best friends are powerless to defend him.

I hope I may not be accused of surrendering the citadel in my admission that many of the things Mr. Bechhofer Roberts says are true. Let us remember that there has always been considerable disagreement concerning Dickens's art and his personality both. How have loyal Dickensians met the charges against Dickens as artist—the accusation, for example, of mawkish sentimentality on occasion? By denying it? By pretending that "The Old Curiosity Shop" is literature on a level with the plays of Sophocles, and that the intellectual appeal of Dickens's novels is quite as high as that of George Meredith's? Well, that sort of Dickensian exists and flourishes vigorously in the imagination of Dickens's enemies, but I do not happen to know of any in life. There is room in this world for much literature that is not like Sophocles and much that is not like Meredith. There are spots on the sun but it still gives warmth. Dickens was neither a flawless artist nor a flawless man, but there are not many whose lives have added more to the happiness of mankind. And as I read the iconoclasts, whatever their point of attack, there runs through my mind the closing words of the most charming book that was ever written about him—Kate Douglas Wiggin's "A Child's Journey with Dickens":

> He had his literary weaknesses, Charles Dickens, but they were all dear, big, attractive ones, virtues grown a bit wild and rank. Somehow when you put him—with his elemental humor, his inexhaustible vitality, his humanity, sympathy, and pity—beside the Impeccables, he always looms large! Just for a moment, when the heart overpowers the reason, he even makes the flawless ones look a little faded and colorless!
>
> So also, it seems to me, in his life.

TWO MODERNS

By Archibald Henderson

THERE are only three great contemporaries in the drama-making world. They rank in this order: Shaw, O'Neill, Pirandello. The first is a puritan and an idealist, who has a genius for explaining life with an astounding lucidity, not undashed with a sprinkle of sly malice. The second is an emotional adventurer and daring experimentalist, who is willing to try anything once—in the theatre; and continues to do so, to the intense inner perturbation of his contemporaries. The third is a fantastic intellectualist, who sees all life as a puppet-show, and delights in dangling dementedly the bloodless mannequins of his fancy. Shaw's career as dramatist reached its zenith with "Saint Joan"; and one is almost tempted to exclaim: "May he never write another play!"

O'Neill then bulks large on the horizon. Europe knows and admires him. Many foreign theatres have staged his plays—in England, France, Germany, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Russia, Japan. This American of Celtic slant, only four decades along the road, is easily the foremost dramatist this land has produced. Yet the great metropolitan public still waits for the philosophic dream, the Life Drama, of "Lazarus Laughed," to find embodiment in the colors and shapes of the theatre. A mere bagatelle of $60,000 alone stands in the way; and if Belasco and Gest turn it down, our hopes must centre in our greatest theatrical institution, the Theater Guild. "Lazarus Laughed" is a profound parable, narrated in a series of impressive spectacles. It is a new casting of the Christ story—shall we say a Lazarus myth, with the clash between, not Rome and Jewry,

Lazarus Laughed. By Eugene O'Neill. New York: Horace Liveright. $2.50.
Strange Interlude. By Eugene O'Neill. New York: Horace Liveright. $2.50.
The One-Act Plays of Luigi Pirandello. Edited by Arthur Livingston and Blanche Valentine Mitchell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $2.50.

but between two attitudes toward life. Lazarus stands for Joy, Vitality, Affirmation; Tiberius, Caligula, Pompeia, Rome stand for Power, Self-Indulgence, Degeneration, Fear. Lazarus brings to the world of his day faith and hope for mankind; with the laughter of a spiritual superman he would unloose the fear-fixation of humanity.

Love is Man's hope—love for his life on earth, a noble love above suspicion and distrust! Hitherto Man has always suspected his life, and in revenge and self-torture his love has been faithless! He has even betrayed Eternity, his mother, with his slave he calls Immortal Soul!

Caligula's world was no more ready for Lazarus than was Pilate's world ready for Christ or Charlot's for Joan. Torture, the stake, the cross!

Of another stamp—utterly modern, strikingly novel, titillatingly Freudian—is "Strange Interlude," a crashing stage success. It represents the culmination of a method, a manner, a technic towards the attainment of which O'Neill has long been striving. O'Neill has a scorn of familiarity for the conventional "thrills" of acting; he confesses even to a contempt for the dramatic devices which delight the soul of the average playgoer. Plunging through the stark naturalism of the one-acters, sloughing off the brutal expressionism of "The Hairy Ape" and "Anna Christie," he has emerged into a rarefied atmosphere of a gripping super-naturalism. We have always divined in O'Neill this struggle of his characters to let Life express itself through them. His dialogue has grown with time more self-revealing, more intimately mystic, less bound to the rigid categories of the allowed.

In comment on "Desire under the Elms," O'Neill confessed: "I never intended that the language of the play should be a record of what the characters actually said. I wanted to express what they said subconsciously." Fumbling still with symbols, which he strove to make do his bidding, O'Neill introduced the baffling mask of "The

Great God Brown," enabling the characters to revert to themselves, to express their secret thoughts and inner nature. The experiment was a fascinating failure, a promising experiment along the path to a new technic. This new technic he has perfected in "Strange Interlude." In the limited edition of this play, the secondary dialogue is printed in a pale blue ink—a sort of shadow picture of the soul. These are not the rejected soliloquies of the classic drama, not the trenchant asides of Molière, but the continuous flow of sub-conscious life phrased in words. The stream of consciousness flows on unimpeded by the inhibitions of convention and the restrictions of alien presence. The *alter ego* has its innings at last.

"Strange Interlude"—in nine acts, requiring a period from 5:15 until 11:30, with a strange interlude of an hour for physical sustenance and spiritual restoration, in the production—is a story of four lives and their mutual reactions and inter-actions. O'Neill's intuitions sharply "tap the hidden current of life." We wince again and again in sense of acknowledgment and confession. But there is weariness in the repercussion of the "thinking aloud"; and more's the pity, not a little of it seems forced, vapid or futile. The story is neither memorable nor original; we are conscious of nothing but the desires of the characters. Lacking any quality of the ennobling, the play is tense with interest, passion, thrill. The climax is reached in the poignant mental asides of the four characters in turn, capped with the words of

Nina (more and more strangely triumphant): My three men! . . . I feel their desires converge in me! . . . to form one rounded complete beautiful male desire which I absorb . . . and am whole . . . they dissolve in me, their life is my life . . . I am pregnant with the three! . . . husband! . . . lover! . . . father . . . and the man! . . . little man! . . . little Gordon! . . . he is mine too! . . . that makes it perfect! . . . (with an extravagant suppressed exultance)

Why, I should be the proudest woman on earth! . . . I should be the happiest woman in the world! . . .

But she isn't: by her real lover she was never possessed; little Gordon is not the son of her Gordon. After the strain and stress of a life of thwarted happiness and unsatisfying eroticism, she sinks at last into the arms of Marsden—and of peace. In her father's tone, Marsden speaks the ultimate consolatory word:

. . . So let's you and me forget the whole distressing episode, regard it as an interlude, of trial and preparation, say, in which our souls have been scraped clean of impure flesh and made worthy to bleach in peace.
Nina (with a strange smile): Strange interlude! Yes, maybe our lives are merely strange, dark gaps in the electrical display of God the Father!

After the hectic passions of O'Neill, the thin intellectualism of Pirandello seems pale and anemic. It is a cerebral drama, full of ingenious and devious plays of the intellect. Intellect is exalted at the expense of passion. In his own way, Pirandello has done what Shaw did long before him; and boasts of the achievement in the words: "One of the novelties that I have given to modern drama consists in converting the intellect into passion." Pirandello amuses us by turning things inside out, putting things hind part before. He makes the irrational appear rational, the abnormal appear normal. He effects the transformation with such engaging plausibility that we accept it as we accept the queer fancies of an imaginative child. In this volume, two plays stand conspicuous for their individual note: "By Judgment of Court" ("La Patente"), in which the "man with the evil eye" cashes in on the superstition of the public, making the public pay him a "tax on safety"; and "Sicilian Limes" ("Lumie di Sicilia"), a tragedy of rustic disillusionment, vibrant with tenderness and pathos.

CROSS SECTIONS OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

By Dumas Malone

FEW will question the importance or the difficulty of writing a comprehensive history of American civilization. For years now economic historians have been modifying the stock political generalizations with which American histories of the old type abounded and reinterpreting political and sectional controversies in terms of the clash and interplay of economic forces. The social historian, who regards the entire life of man as his province, has at length emerged to supplement the economic. To him it is important to know how men voted and were ruled, but also how they made their living, what houses they built and clothes they wore, the schools and churches they attended, the roads they travelled, the books and papers they read, their attainments in intellect and culture. The materials of the social historian accordingly are as diverse as life itself, and for him truth is as elusive as are human motive and personality.

Of the attempts which have been made in recent years to chart the course of American social history, "A History of American Life," edited by Professors Schlesinger and Fox, is the most ambitious and most promising. The editors have divided American life into twelve chronological cross sections, of which four are now presented in as many scholarly and fascinating volumes. These with their invaluable bibliographies provide an admirable introduction to the diverse activities of our forebears. In general, they are original only in the sense that they are chronological

A History of American Life. Edited by Arthur M. Schlesinger and Dixon Ryan Fox. Vol. II. *The First Americans, 1607-1690.* By Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker. Vol. III. *Provincial Society, 1690-1793.* By James Truslow Adams. Vol. VI. *The Rise of the Common Man, 1830-1850.* By Carl Russell Fish. Vol. VIII. *The Emergence of Modern America, 1865-1878.* By Allan Nevins. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00 each.

syntheses of elements drawn from monographs, more or less familiar to scholars, and many topical studies, such as histories of the press, family, education, religion and architecture. In many instances, however, new sources have been drawn upon, and in every case there is a marked freshness of approach and point of view. Each work is the product of critical scholarship, but no one of the four authors errs, as do so many modern interpreters of past American custom, by applying ruthlessly to another age the criteria of today. The value of historical training shows itself conspicuously here in the appraisal of each generation in the light of contemporary standards. In the best sense, these volumes are sympathetic.

The first two volumes describe the life of the colonial period, each treating of something more than two generations. The continuous development from simplicity to complexity, from transplanted English to native American culture, can accordingly be clearly traced. Both Professor Wertenbaker, in "The First Americans," and Mr. Adams, in "Provincial Society," emphasize environmental influences and economic factors. Both lay more than customary stress on the similarities in race and culture between northern and southern colonists. Professor Wertenbaker, who has studied Virginia most, minimizes the Cavalier element and magnifies the sixteenth-century yeomen, while Mr. Adams, who has hitherto devoted chief attention to New England, denies the superiority of colonial culture in that region and describes aspects of southern culture hitherto little known. It would be unwise to disturb an account they have between them so neatly balanced. The beginnings of sectional divergence are pointed out by one author; its development, through increase in southern slavery and northern commercialization, is traced by the other. Professor Wertenbaker clarifies the problem of the Anglican church in Virginia, and writes fascinating pages about the practice of physic in a super-

stitious age, seventeenth century morals (which on the whole were exceptional), crime and punishment, and other kindred topics little touched on by the political or economic historian. Mr. Adams is most illuminating perhaps in charting the course of colonial culture through distinct stages: first borrowed from Europe, then weakened in a wilderness, then arising among a limited group in native form, while at the same time folk art declined. His book, written with rare literary charm, reflects the increasing richness of eighteenth century life, and only the confusion of events in the mid-century obscures the clarity of his thought.

One must skip two generations to Professor Fish's "The Rise of the Common Man, 1830-1850," and can readily perceive the increased complexity and velocity of life. In the two decades described in this volume, 'common men whose ancestors had had little share in aristocratic colonial culture rejoiced in the attainment of complete political independence, repudiated class-dominance in government, and with superb optimism and aggressive patriotism laid the foundations for an American culture which they believed all men might share. It may be that "new winds" swept slave states as well as free more than has been supposed, but in our opinion the author has failed to differentiate sufficiently the diverging sections. It was in the North and West that liberty and equality were looked upon as established facts, that the political dominance of the aristocracy was overthrown, that the foundations of public education were securely laid, that the spirit of reform was rampant. Professor Fish is far from unaware of the sectional clash in politics, but although his comments on southern life are uniformly sympathetic and intelligent, his treatment of the pro-slavery philosophy and the social system of the South are distinctly inadequate. Probably southern civilizations will be considered at length in the forthcoming volume dealing with the following dec-

ade. Professor Fish devotes himself chiefly to the civilization which was destined to prevail. Its dangers and limitations he perceives. The influence of wealth in government was increasing and, all men's opinions being equal, taste decayed. None the less, he feels that the general tendency was to level up, not down.

The victorious march of that civilization, which defeated its rival in war and destroyed it in Reconstruction, is described by Professor Nevins in "The Emergence of Modern America, 1865-1878." The supreme achievement of the post-bellum decade, as he sees it, was unity—political, economic and cultural: another way of saying that the northern system was adopted by the South, with whatever grace, and that distinctive southern civilization disappeared. This volume takes us into the rush of modern life, though as yet there were no automobiles nor even electric street-railways. The period treated is, on the whole, the most unattractive in our history. The machine age, both in politics and industry, had definitely arrived. Comfort was greatly increased, though the bath-tub had not yet attained superlative excellence; private morals were rigid and convention was prim, but public morals were at their lowest ebb; American life was flashy; architecture reflected wealth but not taste. Culture of a sort was broadened through press, lyceum and Chautauqua, and more significantly through public education; fortunately it was being deepened also through the transformation of colleges and universities. The forms of political democracy ill concealed a sinister plutocracy; industrial conflict had definitely appeared. Professor Nevins does not resolve complex elements as readily as does, for example, Mr. Beard, but if he does not make it entirely clear whither the American machine was tending, he demonstrates that after the war it gathered power and proceeded with increased momentum toward some goal subsequently to be revealed.

The achievement of a distinct American culture within a

limited group, the effort to obtain cultural uniformity by "leveling up," the final victory of the new civilization based on the material prosperity of an increasingly industrialized society—these are the high points of the first volumes of a notable series. We await with impatience the remaining volumes which will undoubtedly make available a vast amount of additional information about social and intellectual life and will enable us, we believe, to perceive more clearly the path along which American culture has proceeded.

"THE SOUTHERNER"

By Gerald W. Johnson

THE massive literary monument erected by Mr. Hendrick in memory of Walter Hines Page is completed with this volume, which really should be counted the first of the complete set. It is conceivable that Page is to attain in the future a position not unlike Cheops', who is remembered for his monument alone; at all events, Mr. Hendrick's work is colossal, yet so smooth and so neatly fitted together that it repays study and is likely to be studied, if not so long as the pyramid, yet for a long time.

The new volume is of particular interest to southerners inasmuch as it deals with Page's career prior to the ambassadorship, and much of it concerns his life and labors in the South. This is a poignant drama of defeat. Mr. Hendrick admits the fact quite honestly, but makes no particularly earnest effort to uncover the causes of the defeat. The ignorance, indolence and mental inertia of the South he recognizes plainly enough, but he shuts his eyes to

The Training of an American: The Earlier Life and Letters of Walter H. Page. By Burton J. Hendrick. Boston and New York: The Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

the essential lightness of Page. The man was the prince of Go-Getters. He demanded Results, and he demanded 'em right now. This was all very well in a newspaper correspondent, in a salvager of wrecked magazines, in the founder of a new publishing house; but in a social reformer undertaking a real social reform, it was a fatal handicap.

At the age of twenty-eight, after he had done good newspaper work in the Middle West and in New York, young Page sallied out for his tilt with the windmills. He went down to Raleigh, North Carolina, and assumed control of the Chronicle, a moribund newspaper with which he proposed to work the regeneration of the South. He lasted barely two years, and then threw up the job in disgust. Fortunately, though, he was not the whole show in that vicinity. Others, some of whom were associated with him, refused to quit and continued to plug along after Page had fled to New York. They have continued to plug, in fact, for forty years, and now, at last, they are beginning—such of them as have survived—to see the harvest rapidly ripening. At that it has been a remarkably swift job, as every student of society knows. The fact is, Page simply had no idea of what he was tackling. He was as far removed from contact with reality then as he was in 1917, when he demanded that Josephus Daniels send 400 destroyers to English waters at once, happily oblivious of the fact that there were hardly that many destroyers in the combined navies of the world.

Yet if men at twenty-eight were capable of estimating correctly the difficulty of the tasks they set themselves, not much would be accomplished in the world. A young man can survive an astonishing number of follies if they are splendid follies; and there is no denying the fact that Page was moved by sheer patriotic devotion in his ill-starred crusade. Even when, smarting under his defeat, he wrote the famous Mummy Letters, he was striking, not at the South, as many of his neighbors believed, but at the shackles that

bound the South. The Mummy Letters are reprinted in this volume, and the sober fact is that there is much truth in them yet. North Carolina today is by no means controlled as completely by mummies as she was when Page wrote, but the dead hand still lies altogether too heavily on her intellectual life, even in 1928.

The notion, at one time widespread, that Page was an enemy of his native State is simply a measure of the colossal imbecility with which intelligent Southerners of the last generation had to contend and with which, in many sections, they are still contending. If there were nothing else—and there is a great deal else—to recommend it, this book would be valuable as an encouragement to men who find themselves now in the position which Page occupied in 1885. For mental somnolence still exists, and the weight of inertia still breaks the backs of men who are giving all they have and are to the work which Page essayed to do. And stupidity still insists that they are traitors to the country they strive to serve. But things are not as bad as they were in 1885. There is the great consolation, there the inspiration to continued efforts. Page was knocked out in the first round, but he hit as hard as he was able. Charles D. McIver and Charles B. Aycock lasted longer, but they were battered to death in the end. Yet the fight goes on. Always someone has stepped in to take the places of the wounded and the slain, and now it is plain to the dullest that the whole line moves forward.

It is pleasant to remember that Page lived to see it. Moreover, it must never be forgotten that if he was not quite up to the rough work in the trenches, he remained always a valuable man behind the lines. From the outside he contributed heavily in time, energy and money to the general advancement of education in the South. This was a sort of work to which he was eminently well fitted, and if he is not entitled to rank among the heroes of the fight for civilization in the South, he remains certainly a valuable auxiliary.

JEFFERSON DAVIS'S WIFE

By Philip Alexander Bruce

MANY years ago, we saw in the show-window of a well known London bookshop a copy of the then recently published biography of General Robert E. Lee written by his youngest son, the gallant Captain Robert E. Lee. The book was advertised to the world as it reposed there by the following legend printed on a slip of paper laid across its back: "The Life of one Virginia gentleman by another." A similar inscription might be used in announcing the first volume of Mrs. Rowland's life of Mrs. Jefferson Davis: "the biography of one Southern matron by another." Such an announcement would throw a clear light on the spirit of the entire book, for it would signify (and this would be correct) that Mrs. Rowland, in composing the volume, had exhibited a perfect understanding of the wide and varied Southern background that made such a deep impression on the youthful character of Varina Howell; and also an intuitive insight into all those social influences that surrounded her after she arrived at woman's estate. A complete sympathy, rising to an enthusiastic key, and at times to an ecstatic, gives warmth and color to every page that dwells directly on Mrs. Davis's personality.

Now if this valuable book had been designed by Mrs. Rowland as merely an old-fashioned narrative of biographical events, there would have been no room at all in it for the display of this highly emotional sympathy. She has written in a much more modern spirit than this. It is true that there are not to be found in her volume the sly cynicism, the mordant irony, and the withering slurs of the school of Strachey. Philip Guedalla is nearer her mark, except that she is always serious, and always charitable in judgment; but there is in her case also the same accumulation of infinite detail,

Varina Howell, Wife of Jefferson Davis. By Mrs. Dunbar Rowland. Volume I. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

and the same voluminousness of comment, shot through with the variety of constantly shifting points of view. Her method is an analysis of character and conduct rather than a study of actual events. And yet, in spite of this continuous harping upon emotional keys, Mrs. Rowland never sinks into the monotonous and commonplace. It is true that, in the first chapters, there are examples of over-embroidered sentiment and inflated expression. For instance, in the picture of Mrs. Davis's devotion to her husband, the references to Queen Victoria's adoration of Prince Albert seem suggestive of too august comparisons; and also to go back to the classic story of Andromache appears to be still more grandiloquent. Indeed, in this part of the book, there is here and there a decided echo of the highflown rhetoric that once gave the novels of Augusta Evans so much vogue. We perceive the reflection of the same efflorescent spirit in Mrs. Rowland's allusions to the influence of Mrs. Davis's aristocratic descent on the development of her character, as well as on her general attitude in her social relations.

But when our authoress leaves her introductory remarks and genealogical comments behind, and begins to present the real life of her heroine in the charming social environment of Natchez and its vicinity—the scene of Mrs. Davis's birth, childhood, girlhood, and early womanhood — we quickly detect Mrs. Rowland's remarkable resources as a biographer. The ease, distinction, and high spirit of that social environment are painted with singular vividness. From this point in the story of Varina Howell, the narrative runs on with extraordinary fullness of both sentimental and practical detail. The scope of the treatment, whether relating to events or emotions, immediately widens; the insight into the maturing disposition of the intellectual girl and young woman grows more penetrating; and the deep impression which her surroundings made on her life is revealed with ever increasing clearness.

Take, for instance, the picture which Mrs. Rowland draws

of Brierfield, the home to which Jefferson Davis brought his bride. Here was a typical plantation of that day; not as large as some others in that region, it is true; but from every point of view—in physical aspect, in methods of tillage, in variety of crops, and in the daily life of the slaves—a complete counterpart of the rural estates of the Old South. And so was the mansion standing in the midst of the little principality. Now, the average biographer in setting the young wife at the centre of this small rural kingdom would have been satisfied to offer a more or less faithful description of the background of the charming mistress, such as the appearance of the home without and within, the furniture, the portraits, the books, the servants, the abundance and variety of the food, the beautiful garden in a stone's throw of the house, the rare shrubbery, the stables and fine horses, the cabins of the field hands, the groups of piccaninnies and superannuated grandparents. Then would follow a description of the diversions of the master and mistress—the reception of visitors, the dances, dinners, and card parties under the spreading roof, the long rides through the woods lying along the banks of the Mississippi's rolling flood, the supervision by Mr. Davis of the labor of his slaves in the fields or barns, the expert housekeeping of Mrs. Davis, the long delightful hours spent in reading by the fireside in the winter nights, and the congenial companionship of husband and wife at all times.

In the chapter on Brierfield, Mrs. Rowland brings all these facts, so characteristic of the rural system of the South during that period, into the most interesting light, but she does something more than this. If Mrs. Davis as a bride had been the heroine of a novel suddenly transported from a cultivated city to the comparative seclusion of a slave plantation in the Mississippi Valley, all the thoughts and emotions which the new circumstances of her life were so aptly calculated to arouse in her could not have been set forth by Mrs. Rowland with more assured, definite, and

intimate detail. Mrs. Davis's inner history in this new part which she was now called on to play is painted with even more minute fidelity than her outer history. Her psychology, as it reacts to so novel a situation, is particularized with such natural, such voluminous, and such unreserved sympathy that it is not possible for the reader to question the accuracy of the analysis. On the contrary, he feels that the disposition of Mrs. Davis as a bride is presented to him a hundred times more correctly by this more or less imaginative description of her attitude towards all that she saw and felt at this momentous hour of her life.

It is this sentimental treatment, so well done from a literary point of view, and so truthfully from an emotional, that gives distinction to Mrs. Rowland's volume. For the same method is followed through the whole of it, varied only by Mrs. Davis's participation in the widely different episodes of her husband's later career. The lives of the great majority of the Southern matrons of her day were confined to the precincts of the Southern plantations. Hither they were brought after marriage; here they resided throughout their ensuing years; and here, at the end, they passed away. Visits to kinspeople in town or country, or sojourns at summer resorts, formed almost their only absences from home. Mrs. Davis was more fortunate than this. As we have mentioned, she spent the first years of her married life at Brierfield, in her native State. So congenial to her tastes, and so harmonious with her social traditions, were her surroundings there, and so interesting to her were the occupations that engaged her attention from day to day, that she was genuinely reluctant to leave them all when her husband became a member of Congress. The current of her existence from this time onward was diverted into very different channels, according to the stages in Mr. Davis's later career. After serving as a representative in the Lower House, he was advanced to a seat in the Senate. He was also a distinguished officer in the Mexican War, in the course

of which he was severely wounded; was appointed Secretary of War in President Pierce's Cabinet; and after his resignation from the Senate, to which he had been returned, was elected the first President of the Confederate States.

The influences that entered Mrs. Davis's life, as these changes occurred in turn, were, in most instances, dissimilar to a perceptible degree. How did she react to each? The impressions which they left upon her mind and spirit are described with the same emotional keenness by Mrs. Rowland as had been displayed in the description of the impressions left by the life at Brierfield. The inner history of the woman is so set forth as still to give the predominant color to her matured portrait as had previously been done to her youthful. So minute, so complete, so vivid, indeed, is this analysis that we are able to follow the successive phases of the development of her personality in this larger world, in which she soon found herself after her departure from Brierfield.

So absorbed does Mrs. Rowland become in her analysis of Mrs. Davis's character and temper as they reacted to different circumstances, that she seems at times almost to forget the figure of Mr. Davis independently of his wife's. He is always in the background, it is true, but in such shadowy form that we discover some difficulty in gauging the political part which he really played upon the national platform. And this is all the more unexpected as Mrs. Rowland brings out so clearly the fact that Mrs. Davis's whole existence found its principal expression in her devotion and loyalty to her husband. She is the one conspicuous figure in the book, although we are kept aware all the time of the powerful influence which Mr. Davis exercised over her life. This indirect impression of her dependence and subordination seems inconsistent with that vigor of character, and that keenness of intelligence, which are so plainly revealed on every page of the volume.

Had the Confederacy succeeded in winning its independ-

ence, Mr. Davis would have occupied in the history of the South a position somewhat analogous to that of Washington in the history of the United States. Would Mrs. Davis, in this event, have attained to a place in the respect of posterity as high as that reached by Martha Washington? Perhaps higher—in affection at least—if certain differences in the respective dispositions of the two women were to be the controlling factors in shaping a judgment. Mrs. Washington was the austere, impassive, and unsmiling product of the ceremonious colonial age in Virginia. Her intelligence does not seem to have risen above domestic and other equally practical interests. She was the personification of feminine dignity and self-restraint, with only a moderate endowment of the qualities that impart fascination to the female character. Possibly she has suffered in the impression which she left behind her from the fact that she was not introduced to fame until she had passed her youth. We only know her from the hour when she was brought under the influence of her husband's stately but cold formality—not an atmosphere in which sprightliness of manner and speech is apt to flourish.

On the other hand, we make Mrs. Davis's acquaintance first at the time when she was a beautiful girl full of the delightful inconsequence and freedom of youth. Very quick in intelligence, very romantic in disposition, very loyal in spirit, and very impulsive in temper, she rises before us, in the beginning, as a most human and winning figure that stood for young Southern womanhood under the old plantation system at its very best. And as she grew older, she developed a force of individuality, and a vigor of mind, that were almost masculine in their character. Had it been her destiny to stand forth in history as the wife of a second Washington, she would have filled that part with rare fidelity, as a noble representative of the highest social and intellectual qualities of the Southern people during the times in which her life was cast.

STUDIES IN DRABNESS—WITH A FLASH OF SCARLET

By Emily Clark

THE group of books compulsorily associated here have as a common element the sad grey and brown mediocrity of lower-middle-class English and American life, illuminated by two exceptions, "Scarlet Heels" and "Scarlet Sister Mary." The first exception is concerned with a tragic French aristocrat who is stubborn without being strong, and the second with Africa in South Carolina, which, on the plantations at least, is happily still too uncivilized to have attained the middle-class state that even Africa is reaching elsewhere. Of the English books "The Coming of the Lord," by Sarah Gertrude Millin, is by far the most distinguished. Even Mrs. Millin, however, does not lift the heavy atmosphere of this group to the best of her high abilities, already proved in "God's Stepchildren," "Mary Glenn" and "An Artist in the Family." She has chosen for her subject the contrast between an Anglo-Saxon's physical courage and steadfast refusal to comprehend alien breeds, here inclusive of Jews and Germans as well as the black men of Africa, and the impossibility for these alien breeds to adopt the single-minded attitude toward the black people necessary to success in this especial sort of struggle. Arnold Duerden, the Englishman, who has never been able to realize fully, since Armistice Day, the manhood in which he has never lost faith, finds his last op-

The Coming of the Lord. By Sarah Gertrude Millin. New York: Horace Liveright. $2.50. *Things Were Different.* By Elisabeth Fagan. New York: Lincoln McVeagh, The Dial Press. $2.50. *The English Miss.* By R. H. Mottram. New York: Lincoln McVeagh, The Dial Press. $2.50. *Mrs. Condover.* By John Metcalfe. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50. *Prelude to a Rope for Myer.* By L. Steni. New York: Lincoln McVeagh, The Dial Press. $2.50. *Scarlet Sister Mary.* By Julia Peterkin. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50. *Bright Metal.* By T. S. Stribling. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50. *Scarlet Heels.* By Edith M. Stern. New York: Horace Liveright. $2.50.

portunity in the organization of the Vigilants, to drive away the twenty-five hundred Kaffir "Levites," camping on the heights above the little South African town of Gibeon, to await the Coming of the Lord. At least five persons are pursued throughout the book by a fatality which is inevitable from the first pages. Dr. Diethelm, the German physician, whose office in wartime was raided by a mob determined to punish him for being German a few days after his only son had been killed fighting the Germans; Old Nathan, whose only son was destroyed by the clashing forces in South Africa; Saul Nathan, whose Jewish inheritance prevents him from taking sides in the opposing forces which annihilate him; Arnold Duerden, the Englishman who has been a failure as a barrister and must seize each political crisis to justify himself in his own eyes and maintain his own pride; and Hermina, English wife of Duerden, who outside her own intention has given her body to him and her mind to Saul. But in spite of the vastness of the scene and the darkness in which all of the characters are compelled to move, the book, for this reviewer at least, lacks the living appeal which Mrs. Millin's earlier work has always made.

"Mrs. Condover," by John Metcalfe, laid in the dreariest of London suburbs, is dominated in macabre fashion by the figure of Mrs. Condover herself, a repulsive and terrible religious fanatic, whose hopeless love for an evangelist drives her to suicide. The love affair of her daughter, Vera, a beautiful, blind nymphomaniac, and young Kenneth Bly never escapes from her shadow, even after her death, and reaches an ending so disastrous as to form a completely artistic conclusion to a story which in less competent hands might easily have been ruined in its final pages. It could, with advantage, have been more briefly told. No single paragraph lightens the dank gloom of its background and the men and women against it, nor alleviates the weariness resulting from an accurate picture of this especial sort of life, drawn without wit or humour.

The impression left with me by R. H. Mottram's "The English Miss" is worth no more than a line or two. It is a dull story of a dull young woman in a commonplace situation. Such elements could have been made endurable only by the manner of their treatment. They have not been made endurable. Whether this is my fault or Mr. Mottram's I do not know, but I am quite willing to believe that it is mine.

"Prelude to a Rope for Myer" (L. Steni), since it contains a great deal of superlatively bad writing, is not nearly so good as its incomparable title. This story, too, is an affair of unmitigated solemnity, which in connection with the others of this group leads me to suppose that the drabness of England is a degree drabber than the drabness of America. But the study of a young Jewish owner of a London cinema theatre, a young Jew cheap and common in all of his qualities, with a mistress even more sordid than himself, has a quite real interest and an equally real suggestion of horror. The ending is badly managed, and the tale affords occasional amusement where I am certain no amusement was intended.

"Things Were Different" (Elisabeth Fagan) deals with mid-Victorian England, presenting a young girl born ahead of her time, through the eyes of another young girl completely of her time. The story moves quickly between England and India, between mirth and despair, and is a record of two entirely credible girls.

Remote as Tennessee from the suburbs of London is T. S. Stribling's "Bright Metal" from these other books. Mr. Stribling brings a fairly sophisticated New York girl to the most unsophisticated of all the States through her marriage to John Calhoun Pomeroy, of the Tennessee hills. It is an entirely realistic but warmly vivid document of the people and events that meet her there, and the varying processes of her mind which result in her decision to accept her fate as she has found it in Tennessee, and to await her husband "with

the tremulous, long-drawn patience of women." The book is always interesting and occasionally brilliant, notably in its portrait of Congressman Alexander Hamilton Tweedy, better known as A. Ham Tweedy. Mr. Stribling understands his South, which luckily is not the whole South, with a thoroughness that makes his work valuable even to a reviewer with tastes so limited as to dislike reading about the hill country of America except when treated as Mr. Stribling treats it.

Julia Peterkin's "Scarlet Sister Mary" is a slighter novel with a more limited scope than "Black April," laid again at Blue Brook plantation in the South Carolina low country. It is, however, simpler in dialect and in form than either of her earlier books, and will, I think, be more widely received for that reason. Some of the characters of "Black April" reappear here, with several fresh additions. Mrs. Peterkin again has re-created the singing fields, the silent, slow rivers, the hot, quivering cabin life, and the gay, melancholy, passionate people that she knows best. Mary, who begins her career as a faithful and devoted wife, and because of her discovery and acceptance of masculine infidelity becomes a "scarlet sister," is the most impressive of Mrs. Peterkin's studies in charcoal.

The "Scarlet Heels" of Edith M. Stern shares no attribute with the seven books already discussed, for it is the story of the unfulfilled desires of Henri Yves Grégoire, Vicomte de Grandbord. When a child in France he asked for a pair of scarlet heels, "like Louis Quatorze," and was sharply reminded by his American mother that he was not Louis Quatorze. Throughout his life he longs for scarlet heels, which symbolize for him the dead glories of the kingdom of France. And at the end of the story, when his son is born, he knows that his child will never want a pair of scarlet heels and that even the aristocratic impulse is dead. The Vicomte's passion for the past, amounting to an obsession, influences his entire life and nullifies itself by

clouding his otherwise acute intelligence. Through a pathetically romantic plot to restore the Bourbons to the throne of France he is compelled, at eighteen, to leave France for America, his mother's country but never his own. Mrs. Stern's quoted line from "Something About Eve," "I thirst for a dead time and its dead fervors to be reviving," sets the key of the book. It is a comic tragedy, delicately, economically, and at times beautifully written, and for all its fantastic quality, never without interest.

CALE YOUNG RICE

By Francis Claiborne Mason

IF A wealth of association with poetic genres of the past and present may constitute distinction, the fame of Mr. Rice should rest secure upon the ample pedestal of these nine hundred pages. His kinships with the latest poets of the nineteenth century and with the best of the twentieth are legion; the ties of consanguinity provoke comparisons at every page. The texture of these volumes is a closewoven fabric of Japanese epigrams, Tennysonian heroics, lyrics in the manner of Swinburne, stark Frost narratives, Browningesque monks and nuns and painters, repetitious Whitman-like chants, Markham propaganda, Spoon River toughs and harlots, symphonic instruments dramatized in the fashion of Dryden, and poetic drama after Stephen Phillips. The "Selected Plays and Poems" are especially provocative of two time-weary questions. To what degree of poetic greatness can intrinsically poetic subjects and themes achieve, unclothed in any new, ingenious splendor of expression and unpropped by any modern peculiarity of style and idiom? And, what shall be done with the unrepentant disciples of Victorian romanticism? For

Selected Plays and Poems. By Cale Young Rice. New York: The Century Company. $6.00. *Stygian Freight.* By Cale Young Rice. New York: The Century Company. $1.50.

Mr. Rice is ineluctably one of the number of these; when at times he turns from them it is only to achieve a new romanticism nearer home. He bears the stigmata of Browning, Tennyson, and Phillips; and there is painful suspicion that these once reverenced symbols of poetical godhead may appear to the glassy modern eye mere shameful scars of an ignoble bondage.

His themes are consistently poetic, and that in a broad and proper sense of the word; he would satisfy the most acrid of modern complex-probers as well as the most saccharine of romantics. The reader is constantly aware that the poet has chosen "good" subjects, no matter what may be the outcome; there is about them all something of the dramatic implication, the sense of emotional overtone, the mystic imponderables of love and death, and the transcendental nostalgias, that constitute for most readers the substance of the poetic. By all the sacred dicta of the Muses, they are themes that ought to succeed. And their success is most frequent and satisfying when the poet allows the beauty of the subject to work its own way with him; they are less pleasing when, as in "The Beachcomber," Mr. Rice presents us not with the salty scavenger himself, but with Mr. Rice thinking beachcomber thoughts.

Although his most ambitious contribution is found in the group of poetic dramas, it would seem that Mr. Rice is at his best in those narrow portraits, such as "The Mad Philosopher" and "A Woman Wronged," in which he has fused a restrained lyricism with a cleansing objectivity. His purely lyrical pieces are usually less effective; in propaganda he is at his occasional worst. His predilection is for tragedy and death, although in "Porzia," a drama of the decadent Renaissance, he has once narrowly escaped magnificence by permitting a situation of superlative tragic possibilities to dwindle into magnanimity, recompense, and a happy ending. Other plays of the group suffer from a slavish conformity to pattern. In both "Giorgione" and

"A Night in Avignon," for example, there appears the mighty poet or painter, withheld in vain by the interceding monk or uncle from the perpetration of a vile revenge upon the seemingly unfaithful lady of his love, and stricken at last to the carpet when she appears and looses upon him the lightning of her innocence.

The more modern aspect of the poet appears in "Stygian Freight," which reveals an effective talent for ironic tragedy. "Dallow's Bluff" is subtle and moving, when it might easily have become mere melodrama. The nun at sea upon a modern steamship has more of authentic pathos than the earlier monks who scraped licentious Homers from old parchment in a Renaissance setting. In these presumably more recent poems, Mr. Rice has sought for beauty in familiar places, and the search has often hit upon its goal.

THE HOUSE PAPERS AGAIN

By Raymond Turner

THE two first volumes of the House Papers appeared in 1926. They seemed to raise very interesting questions. It was evident that Colonel House had occupied a position in relation to President Wilson the importance of which had been recognized at the time, but not entirely realized then. There was no doubt that House had possessed the confidence of the president and of many European leaders and statesmen in highest degree, that he had known affairs of policy and state in various countries as rarely any man, that he had had part in great designs and in bringing large things to pass. So important was his work as revealed in these published papers that doubt was widely expressed whether it had not

The Intimate Papers of Colonel House. Vol. III: *Into the World War;* Vol. IV: *The Ending of the War.* Arranged as a Narrative by Charles Seymour. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $10.00.

been unintentionally magnified and put in false proportion beside Wilson's ideas and deeds. This might seem the more possible since the editor was not allowed to publish letters written by Wilson.

The reviewer feels that the concluding volumes go far to settle these doubts. Again and again, with increasing effect, the various papers show the work of Colonel House more important than anyone could have known then, and his services to Wilson more rather than less striking. It is evident that House was trusted by Wilson completely. He seems to have had the confidence, the respect, the affection of the principal men of his time. He rendered invaluable assistance to the president in preliminary investigations and by the information thus accumulated for Wilson's use when need came. His unrivalled ability in conciliating divers opinions, in bringing various principals together, in affording swift channel of communication, made possible the rapid completion of business that might otherwise have been accomplished too late or not at all. Finally, he had part in originating or elaborating ideas that held the world's attention in their time.

According to Lord Northcliffe, House always saw three months ahead. It was under his direction that the Inquiry collected information of which Wilson made so much use. He had much to do with drawing up and working out the Fourteen Points. He took large part in getting the Covenant of the League of Nations prepared, his assistance being indispensable, indeed. He favored an indemnity by the Germans with amount definitely stated in the treaty, within their capacity to pay. He strove for a moderate peace, but made compromises to secure a treaty before it was too late. He favored the best possible relations between the British Empire and the United States, but early perceived differences apt to increase unless certain questions were settled. He thought that England, France, and Japan should withdraw from China, and that later

probably this would come from pressure of public opinion expressed through the League of Nations.

In July 1918 Wilson wrote: "I hail your letters with deep satisfaction and unspoken thanks go out to you for each one of them, whether I write or not, and the most affectionate appreciation for all that you do for me." When House went to Europe in October to represent Wilson in the armistice conferences, the president said: "I have not given you any instructions because I feel you will know what to do." House's affection for his friend and his admiration were unbounded. He speaks of the president's extraordinary courage and wisdom. "The more I see of him, the more firmly am I convinced that there is not a statesman in the world who is his equal." When the armistice was signed, he cabled: "Long live democracy and its immortal leader." He believed that Wilson would rank with the greatest orators of all time. The ending of this friendship remains a mystery. Colonel House has his theories, which are not given, but affirms that he does not know the reason and never can know. There was no open break and not an unkind or angry word either spoken or written. It is indicated that the friendship waned when at Paris Wilson and House actually worked together during a considerable period for the first time; but it withered only when the president was stricken with illness from which he did not recover.

Memorable years live over again in these volumes. There is vivid account of the despair of the Allies in 1917, of the imminent disaster seeming to threaten, of America's efforts to assist them before it was too late, of the vast confusion and perplexity attending her efforts at first. The history of the drafting of the Fourteen Points appears in detail, and the gradual effects of Wilson's speeches and of Allied propaganda on the Central Powers. The great disasters of the early part of 1918, the calls to America for succor, the huge reinforcements rushed in response. There is some very in-

teresting information about the armistice, the efforts of House and Wilson to establish a League of Nations, the effort to bring about a moderate peace well within the Fourteen Points, the inevitable difficulties, the compromises that House favored and that Wilson was persuaded to accept. The treaty with Germany was not the treaty House had hoped for, but what was made was as good, he believes, as in the circumstances could have been secured, and he is not certain that a different treaty would better have avoided difficulties later on.

Interesting portions have to do with rivalry and disputes between the United States and Great Britain. During the earlier part of the War, House believed that interference with our ships by the British was leading to dangers that would never be removed until maritime law was altered and "freedom of the seas" established. This principle appears to have been taken over by President Wilson, who after conferences with House wrote it into his Fourteen Points. In October 1918 House believed that the United States and other countries would no more endure Britain's complete domination of the seas than Germany's domination of the land, and that the Americans if challenged would build a navy and maintain an army greater than theirs. Somewhat later Wilson authorized House to say that if the British would not accept freedom of the seas, America would build the strongest navy her resources would permit, "as our people have long desired." Lloyd George declared that Britain would spend her last guinea to keep a navy superior to any other. In March 1919 House told George that if the British did not consent to sink the German fleet instead of dividing it, he expected a large naval program in America, and that in future England and the United States would be in the same relation as Germany and England in the past. Later George said that an agreement must be reached between Great Britain and the United States not to be rivals in naval building.

From later discussions came the idea of the Washington Conference.

There are many interesting things about Wilson. It is clear that the secret treaties were revealed to him in 1917. In September of that year he confessed that he was "getting tired." He described himself as "a democrat like Jefferson, with aristocratic tastes." In intellect he was entirely democratic, which he thought unfortunate because his mind led him where his taste rebelled. In February 1919 House wrote in his diary: "The president often tells me that under no circumstances will he do a certain thing and, a few hours later, consents."

These papers abound in curious and striking information. In June 1918 British authorities thought no military decision in the Allies' favor could ever be expected from operations on the western front. About the end of October Field Marshal Haig did not consider the military situation of Germany to warrant her complete surrender. At that time Clemenceau declined to admit any danger of bolshevism in France, but George confessed that it was possible in England, and both agreed that in Italy anything might happen. House does not believe that if the United States had remained out of the war Germany could have conquered her later, though he believes that in all human probability there would have been a war and "we would have had a serious time." In February 1919 there were grave signs of unrest in the French army.

Professor Seymour's part has been admirably done. The use of Colonel House's diary and papers in connection with reminiscences or reports of other personages concerned is a model of what such work ought to be. The editor remains aloof, but illuminating observations occur and some excellent criticism in respect of errors made by others.